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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE conclusion of peace between Turkey and Bulgaria was expected early in the week, but up to the time of writing hardly any progress had been made. The frontier is, indeed, marked out, as we described before, and on that question Turkey has gained every point. But the indemnity claimed by Bulgaria for the maintenance of about 100,000 Turkish prisoners during the war is steadily refused, the Turks agreeing to pay only the actual salaries given by Bulgaria to Turkish officers while prisoners. They also refuse Bulgaria's demand for unrestricted use of the railway by which alone she can approach Dedeağatch and her reach of coast on the Ægean. The situation is complicated by an outbreak of the Greek and Turkish inhabitants at Gumuldjina against the new Bulgarian authorities. With the assistance of Turkish soldiers from Asia, they have set up a Provisional Government of their own, and are defying Bulgaria's helplessness. At the same time, the final conclusion of peace between Turkey and Greece is delayed by a similar difficulty about the indemnity for prisoners. It must also be remembered that Turkey has not yet surrendered the Ægean Islands to Greece, and, having torn up the Bulgarian part of the Treaty of London, may now tear up the Greek.

FRESH disturbances have broken out upon the Albanian frontiers. They are due to the long vacillation and delay of the Powers, especially of Austria, in fixing the frontiers, appointing the promised prince, and sending their delegates to form the Commission of Control which is to support him for some years. The people, once full of hopeful enthusiasm for their new autonomy, have waited peacefully for the Powers to act, but the news of the persecutions of their own race under Montenegro on the north, and Servia on the east, has broken down their patience. The Malsori or Highlanders of the North have made various attacks upon the Montenegrins in defence of Hoti and Gruda, the two tribes that have been taken from them, and they are said to have occupied Tuzi, the frontier town by the Lake of Scutari. In the hope of reclaiming the Albanian towns of Prishtend, Djakova, and Dibra, the central Albanians, under the famous Kossovo leader, Issa Boletin, have attacked the Serbs along the whole eastern frontier, and have driven them out of Dibra. The Servian Government, which only a few days ago had withdrawn its outposts from the very heart of Albania, "to please the Powers," has mobilised 30,000 men, and now protests that it must reoccupy its strategic positions.

MEANWHILE, Essad Pasha, always an uncertain quantity, is making trouble for the Provisional Government at Avlona, under which he nominally holds office. He demands the removal of the Government to Durazzo, where he has personal influence, owing to his large estates at Tirana, near by. His disagreement with Osmail Kemal, the President of the Provisional Government, is of old standing, and he was only admitted to office for fear of the annoyance he might otherwise cause. Probably he is now acting with the Serbs, but as he has courted every party in turn, it is difficult to say. The commissions for delimiting the frontiers north and south are now at last preparing to start, though the northern one talks of putting off the business till spring. Admiral Burney stays on in Scutari, persistently doing his best, with very limited powers, and frequently checked by the influence of Austria, who appears to promote delay in order to keep the country in the melting pot. The distress in the districts, now exposed for nearly three years to war, devastation, and uncertainty, is extreme.

THE organization of rebellion in North-East Ulster has had something of an anti-climax. The Ulster Unionist Council have formed themselves into a Central Authority and set up Committees on Law, Education, Finance, Customs, Post Office, Railway, Supply, and Volunteer Services. The Executive Committee consists of seventy-six members, headed by the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Londonderry, and other Peers, Sir Edward Carson, the Ulster Unionist members, a score of deputy-lieutenants, merchants, and traders, a clergyman or two—and chaplains. Not a single working-man has even been asked to join this self-appointed assembly—we suppose the most undemocratic body that ever proposed to take over the government of a modern State. An indemnity fund of £1,000,000 is to be raised for indemnifying members of the Ulster Volunteer

Force from personal injury "or loss of life." Sir Edward Carson's speech was more moderate than usual; indeed, a certain note of timidity was obvious. But the meeting in Ulster Hall was none the less a Rebel Convention.

* * *

On Thursday, Mr. J. M. Robertson, speaking at Newcastle, made a satirical comment on the obvious civil difficulties of running a "rebel" government in North-East Ulster. It could not, he said, work for a week. Who was going to pay revenue to "King Carson"? As to the Post Office, that might be captured—though it would be an act of "absolute treason"—but there would be no post, for the British Post Office would not enter into any communication with the Ulster Post Office. Neither would the United States have dealings with a rebel Post Office, so that Belfast would find herself cut off from the whole business world. Sir Edward would not at present be prosecuted, because the Government did not want to turn "King Carson" into "Saint Carson." But if he broke the law he would come under the law. The Government would know how to meet the situation when it developed.

* * *

PEACE has been made in three of the industrial quarrels that were raging last week—the railway strike, the London omnibus strike, and the Manchester Dock strike. The Executive of the National Union of Railwaymen issued a letter to the branch secretaries on Saturday night stating that after a meeting with the managers of the companies affected it had been agreed, on the one side, that the strikers should be reinstated, and, on the other, that the railwaymen would undertake to handle the traffic that the companies were legally bound to carry. This settlement was accepted by the railwaymen at Birmingham, Liverpool, and the other disturbed centres. On Monday, the 'bus strike was settled at a Board of Trade conference. The 'bus companies agreed to the recognition of the union, while the men agreed not to take part in a sympathetic strike. "The companies are not to be affected by disputes with companies with whom they have no direct concern."

* * *

THE outlook in Dublin is a little brighter. The locking out of workpeople was continued at the beginning of the week with unabated vigor, and the hopes of peace seemed desperate. During the last few days, however, there has been a change in the atmosphere. The Committee of the English Transport Workers' Federation issued a statement offering to place the machinery of the Federation at the disposal of those who are desirous of terminating the dispute, on condition that provincialism, sectionalism, and mere race prejudice were eliminated, and this statement has apparently awakened a disposition to negotiate. At any rate, it has been followed by talk of terms, and a summons from Dublin Castle to Sir George Askwith. Meanwhile, the Lord Mayor has sketched a scheme for an arrangement. He proposes that six representatives of the Employers' Federation and six representatives of the Transport Workers Union should meet next Monday, with Sir George Askwith as Chairman, to form a permanent Joint Trade Board for the settlement of the present dispute and the prevention of future trouble.

* * *

THE Lord Mayor's suggestion is that the agreement for the constitution of such a tribunal shall be signed by the Dublin Trades Council, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, and the English Transport Workers Union, in addition to the two bodies immediately concerned. He proposes that the present strike should be settled by general reinstatement and an under-

taking from the Irish Transport Workers' Union that employers who accept the arbitration of the Joint Trade Board shall be exempt from the sympathetic strike for two years. Meanwhile, the misery in Dublin is acute, and the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress have voted £5,000 for relief.

* * *

At a time when working men are canvassing the relative advantages of war and diplomacy in industrial politics, a number of wealthy employers have decided on a determined militant policy. An association has been formed, with the title of the United Kingdom Employers' Defence Union; it is registered as a trade union, and its object is to protect employers against trade unions of workmen. It aims at raising a guarantee fund of fifty millions, and two employers have already promised £50,000 apiece. The supporters of this movement for breaking strikes include Lord Dysart, the Duke of Bedford, Sir Arthur Clay, Sir Henry Fairfax Lucy, and Sir John Grey Hill—not a powerful or representative body. The promoters observe that if it had been in existence two years ago, the Railway Strike would have been fought to a finish. This open challenge to labor is regarded by the "Times" and "Mail" with much concern, and the hope is not obscurely expressed that employers generally will boycott this organization for war.

* * *

LORD EVERSLEY published in the "Times" of Tuesday a searching criticism of Lord Lansdowne's scheme of land purchase. He shows that the scheme offers great advantages to landlords who wish to sell, and to tenants who wish to buy, but that there the advantages end. From the public point of view, the plan is dangerous and expensive, and so far from furthering any large social object, it would prove an obstacle. The Irish precedent gives no promise of security, for in Ireland the State has the tenant's interest as security, whereas in England tenant right does not exist, and no bank would think it prudent to advance on mortgage more than two-thirds of the purchase price of a farm where the only interest of the tenants is in the growing crops and unexhausted manures. The effect on the credit of the State would be very serious if these transactions were carried out on a large scale, and Lord Eversley calculates that Consols would drop to 60. That, again, would cause new embarrassments, as has happened in Ireland. Meanwhile, all the difficulties would ensue that are inevitable if some tenants are allowed to buy and others not. Is the landlord to pick and choose?

* * *

WHAT is the public interest in such a scheme? One great obstacle in the development of small holdings at present is the competition of the farmer class. There are a great many bidders for every farm that falls in. But it will be more and not less difficult to find the land for small holdings when the large farms are owned by their occupiers, and are subject to mortgages to the State for long terms of years. Moreover, the scheme gives great scope to land speculators. Lord Eversley quotes the case of one of the Duke of Bedford's estates in Devonshire. This estate the Duke sold to his tenants on very easy terms, and in five years all the tenant-farmers re-sold their farms at a profit to persons who re-let them to tenants at rents far above those paid to the Duke of Bedford. That is scarcely a result for which the taxpayer should be asked to make large sacrifices.

* * *

AN extraordinary situation has suddenly developed owing to the action of certain members of the London Insurance Committee. It occurred to them to challenge

the legal right of Insurance Committees to pay to the medical men working the Act that balance of the money allocated for payment of the doctors on the medical lists, which represents the capitation fees of those persons who, although insured, have not yet chosen their doctors. The opinion of counsel was sought, and Mr. Danckwerts, K.C., says, in his report, "I can find no warrant in the Act or elsewhere in any regulation of the Insurance Commissioners which has been placed before me, for the Parliamentary statement that the whole fund for Medical Benefit is divisible among the practitioners on the panel." This opinion strikes at the very root of the agreement between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the doctors, and, indeed, shatters the system of payment on the principle of insurance—which, of course, means that the money collected for all the insured persons (well or ill) is used to pay for medical attendance for those who are unfortunate enough to be ill. The vast majority of the insured persons who have not already selected their doctors are perfectly healthy young adults, who, in all probability, will never think of a doctor until they become ill.

It is quite certain that the arrangement with the doctors was to be on an insurance basis and we can well understand the irritation and anxiety caused by this opinion. In London the Committee has already held up a sum of £105,000, and it is estimated that by the end of the year the amount will reach £140,000. The money set aside for paying the doctors in London this year is approximately £500,000, so that at least twenty-five per cent of this expected income is withheld. The situation is a very serious one, affecting the whole country, and calls for prompt action. In the Manchester area a system of payment per attendance was adopted, and apparently the whole sum of money has been expended. Is this illegal? If not, then Manchester is the only area in which the doctors have been paid the full amount set aside for medical benefit. The system of a payment per attendance with only a limited sum of money available, is exceedingly complicated, and open to grave abuses. Most careful records of attendances are necessary, and these must be investigated in a most rigorous manner. On account of its simplicity, the capitation system was almost universally adopted by the doctors throughout the country, but it would be absurd to suggest that the total sum for Medical Benefit is available for one system of payment, and not for the other.

Two Coroner's inquests have returned verdicts on the Aisgill disaster. The jury on the first case had to reconsider its verdict four times, in view of the coroner's sage criticisms, and from beginning with a general censure on all those who were concerned it ended with a general exculpation. On Wednesday, the inquest at Carlisle came to a different conclusion, the jury returning a verdict of manslaughter against Caudle, the driver of the second train. Driver Caudle will, therefore, be tried at the approaching assizes at Carlisle. We presume that the question of the company's supply of an unworkable quality of coal, most improperly excluded from the first inquest, will be kept full in view in the trial of Caudle, whose case it vitally affects.

THE German Socialist Congress at Jena, which came to an end last Saturday, was conspicuous for the advance of the Opportunists or "Revisionists," and the gradual retirement of the extreme "Radical," or, more strictly, Social Democratic Party, led by Frau Rosa Luxemburg, Herr Liebknecht, and Herr Lebedour. Having gained

their point in refusing to promote a general strike, except upon the franchise question, the official leaders repeated their victory by almost exactly the same majority in regard to the Socialist Party's action in supporting the Army Bill in the Reichstag, rather than run the risk of further indirect taxation upon the working classes. They maintained that, if they had defeated the Army Bill, and the Reichstag had been dissolved, the party would have been too much reduced at the election to have made adequate opposition to direct taxes. The older and more orthodox members protested, on the other hand, that Socialists should stand by the anti-militarist principle at any cost. They were, however, defeated by 333 to 142. Now that Bebel has gone, no one can foresee on what lines, or to what lengths, this German opportunism may develop.

KING CONSTANTINE's visit to Paris was marked by a State luncheon, given at the Elysée last Sunday by M. Poincaré. The King's reply to the toast was anxiously awaited as an opportunity for effacing the ungrateful impression made by his recent utterance in Berlin, when he attributed the recent successes of the Greek army to German instruction. At the Elysée, the important part of his speech was the following:—

"In this supreme preparation she (Greece) once again benefited from the assistance of France. The Government of the Republic was good enough to send to Greece a Mission composed of eminent officers of all arms who, under the direction of General Eydoux, carried out their task with a competence, a hard-working ardour, and an infectious enthusiasm to which I am specially pleased to render homage. I beg you, Monsieur le Président, to believe that I appreciate greatly the sentiments of active sympathy which France has so frequently shown towards Greece, and that I attach the greatest value to the maintenance and development of the bonds of traditional friendship which unite our two countries."

One would have thought that sufficient praise, but most of the Parisian newspapers remained unsatisfied.

THROUGHOUT the week a great "military exercise" has taken place in the heart of the Midlands, the boundaries forming a large oblong between Slough and Market Harborough (south and north), and Bedford and Banbury (east and west). As it was only an "exercise," and not "manœuvres," the Northern or White force (under General Monro), nominally representing two infantry divisions and a cavalry division, existed mainly in skeleton, and, except for its cavalry, cyclists, and aeroplanes, was, in fact, controlled by orders from Sir John French, who commanded the whole of the Southern, or Brown, force. This consisted of a cavalry division, under that distinguished cavalry officer, General Allenby, and two armies of two infantry divisions each, the First, or left army under Sir Douglas Haig, and the Second or right army under Sir Arthur Paget. In all, about 47,000 men, 17,000 horses, 190 guns, 34 aeroplanes, and 3 airships were engaged—probably the largest armed force ever mustered in England. Starting from the Chilterns, the two main armies advanced by almost parallel routes, first to the Ouse, and then to the Tove, in the direction of Nuneaton, the enemy's supposed capital. On Thursday a great "battle" was fought at Sharman's Hill, in the neighborhood of Daventry, but the real object of the exercise was to practise staff duties, supply, and bivouac. These were very creditably carried out, and the marching was excellent. On calm days, the aeroplanes did good service in scouting, but in wind they were almost as helpless as the airships.

Politics and Affairs.

FROM CONVENTION TO CONFERENCE.

BEFORE we discuss the possibility of a settlement of Home Rule on the lines of a Conference, we ought to warn our Tory readers that there is one sure way of defeating it. That is to present the proposal to Liberals as a threat, or even as a merciful deliverance from Carsonism. We will not make the retort that it is a convulsion of party rather than of social order which most concerns the Tory leaders. But they ought early to be disabused of the notion that Sir Edward Carson embarrasses us to anything like the degree in which he embarrasses them. There is a sense in which Liberals are quite easy about Sir Edward Carson. By tradition and character, they are disposed to allow a wide margin of tolerance for the effects of a sincere prepossession, and to extend that tenderness with abundance to Protestant Ulster. But they have also certain clear and fixed ideas about Ulsteria and the men who foment it. Liberals think that a man who in this country and at this time of day tempts others to risk their necks in rebellion is a criminal, and that he who drills and enlists soldiers to fight the King's Army, and seduces his officers to command them, is a traitor. Some excellent people honestly believe that these several ill-deeds, plenteously spiced with religious bigotry and social ill-will, constitute a public virtue. But no honest Conservative should think so. What is more, the Conservative Party can hardly take office and become responsible for order until that teaching has been blotted out of their history. If they do, the resulting confusion—in which Toryism will have stripped itself of the moral force to defeat lawlessness—will put Liberalism in power until some other party can arise to guarantee social peace. But are not the Government also embarrassed by the open organization of rebellion, and the holding of a Rebel Convention in a chief city in the King's dominions? They are, but they stand on pretty strong ground. We believe them to be right in holding their hands until Carsonism definitely enters on the *voie de fait*. And they are also, we imagine, at the mercy of events in so far that they must judge the time when the full infection of Carsonism has reached its utmost point of peril for the whole community. But they are the King's Executive; they are responsible for the discipline of the Army—already grossly infringed—they appeal to law and only to law, and there are half-a-dozen statutes under which that law can and will be vindicated. To shrink from such a task would not only be an act of gross pusillanimity, but would be an invitation to these melodramatists to go on with their performance until it gets beyond even their control, and hundreds of their dupes have been victimised and ruined.

But if we can push this panorama of folly out of sight and mind, what ground can we find in the permanent facts of Irish society for such a settlement as Lord Loreburn has suggested? We find, as we have always found, three such facts. The first is that a settlement by consent is the true corollary of Home Rule, for without it a Home Rule Bill must be small, must be temporary, and must always have at its back the force

of the British Army and the resources of the British Exchequer. The second is that, unless the question of Irish Government is removed from the sphere of our party politics, Tories will always have the power of unsettling it again. The third is that, if Home Rule is to succeed, Ulster, as the chief though not the only seat of Irish industrialism, ought to have a great power in the Irish Parliament. It is possible to argue that she ought to claim a share in the first Irish Executive, or that she might exercise a commanding voice in Irish legislation which affects her. For these reasons we think it would have been well to make proportional representation the basis of all Irish elections for the central governing body. And, so far as local autonomy is concerned, we cannot think that it would be found impossible so to revise the Home Rule Bill as to give Ulster absolute autonomy in the two matters which, in a country predominantly Catholic, give her citizens most concern—her education and her local administration. We would go further than this, and say, as we have said before, that if Ulster remained unappeased after a fair trial of a system well guarded from abuse, the North-East counties, or any one of them, should have an option to retire from the Irish system and demand incorporation as an Imperial province. We may well doubt whether the option would ever be exercised, for an Ulsterman is no more an Englishman than is a Lowland Scot, and has more purely Irish characteristics than either. But let all these considerations have full play. The Bill is not sacred, and Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond have said in effect that it is open to correction. By all means, let us try, as the "Spectator" hints, if the demand for self-government for all Ireland can be reconciled with the call for self-government in Ulster.

But, indeed, any solution of Ulster's troubles would be better than to put her under the heel of the Committee of Anglo-Irish aristocrats and Belfast plutocrats and lawyers, who, undefiled, so far as we know, by the presence of a single workman, are, under the act of the Unionist Council, to take charge of the toughest industrial problem in these islands. In an Irish Parliament of which Mr. Devlin and Mr. Larkin would certainly be members, the Ulster workmen and workwomen would get a chance. They would have votes, and votes would give them representatives, and that, in turn, would mean the reform of the Belfast factory system. Is that, after all, the sub-conscious fact in these manifestations of the masters of Ulster? If not, why has the form of election been scrupulously avoided for the membership of this Provisional Government? Is industrial Ulster, with a free Parliament a few score miles away, likely to accept for rulers a sort of branch of the new Employers' Defence Union, with a landlords' wing super-added? Of course she will not, and Sir Edward Carson's rebellion will end in farce, if only for the reason that it has no basis of democracy behind it. The one serious question is—How shall Ireland and Orangia be brought together on a basis of unity, qualified by local government? If a Conference can be formed on these lines, with Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond representing the call for national unity, and Lord Lansdowne and even Sir Edward Carson representing the case for provincial local

government, we should not despair of an issue. We would even accept Sir Edward Carson's phrase, and say that the Government have a real duty to act as "arbiter" in so much of the quarrel between South and North-East Ireland as can be reconciled with Liberal obligations to our Irish allies. Liberalism means government by consent, and no pains ought to be spared to secure that capital result. But if Ulster elects for fighting, she will have to deal with the Crown and the Law Courts, and she will find that neither will flinch.

A KIND OF PEACE.

AFTER a year of conflagration, the wars in the Balkans are at last smouldering out—smouldering out because there is little left to burn. It is just a year since war became certain. With pauses and uneasy intervals, it has been waged ever since, and from first to last it has been characterised by extraordinary courage and self-devotion, it is true, but by an embittered hatred in spirit, and a remorseless atrocity in action, such as marked no other wars within living memory. That it was not a cold-blooded war is almost the only good thing that can be said about it. At the first, the desire for territory was inflamed by a lust of vengeance for centuries of wrong; and when the desire for territory and the lust of vengeance had been glutted beyond all expectation, the second war revealed an intensity of race-hatred among the former allies perhaps more vindictive than any they had shown towards the common enemy. And now that a kind of peace has been patched up, or is immediately expected, the combatants look out upon a wasted and desolated land; their men have been so reduced in number that, in one case at all events, it is calculated the population cannot recover for thirty years; and as to the old, the women, and the children, what they have suffered by starvation, outrage, loss of possessions, disease, and various kinds of death will never be known.

Three points, we think, will stand conspicuous when the future calls this year of wars to mind—the tragedy of Turkey, the tragedy of Bulgaria, and Roumania's treachery. The tragedy of Turkey may seem to be mitigated by the last act, in which, by no special virtue of her own, she has recovered a large and valuable part of her former territory, including the scenes of her overwhelming defeats, the vital strategic points of Adrianople, Kirk Kilissé, and Demotika, and the control of the main railway system from a point only a few miles below her former frontier. But at the same time she has lost all the great section of her Empire from Montenegro and the Adriatic to the Ægean and the mouth of the Maritza. She has lost Albania, and the three vilayets of Kossovo, Monastir, and Salonica, roughly composing Macedonia; and if the loss is called gain, that is pretty much the same as saying that we should gain by losing Ireland. The real tragedy of Turkey, however, lay in the human factors—the helpless incapacity of her organization, the wretched soldiers driven into battle after three days' fast, the unspeakable misery of her invaded population and of the destitute exiles to Asiatic shores.

The tragedy of Bulgaria has been more dramatic in the suddenness of her fortune's catastrophe. At first

exultant in victory, implored by Europe not to use her triumph to the full, and justly proud of her forethought, her generals' strategy, and her people's courage, within a few months she stood before Europe as a suppliant for existence, hemmed in on all sides, beaten to the ground by false friends and conquered foes, until at last she has drained the bitterest draught of all—an unreal and degrading peace graciously imposed upon her by the friend who had stabbed her in the back. Of Roumania's treachery we need say no more. All the world knows what it was, and her name is already passing into proverbial use as a rather milder equivalent to that of Judas. History will not forget one of the most dastardly acts of secure betrayal recorded on her pages. If any good comes of it, it must be the reflection of how little the martial forces avail against the stroke of a cool and cynical diplomacy. As to the other actors in the drama, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro, by one means or another, have done very nicely for themselves, and are now trying to do a little better. In the first war they were fortunate in having only comparatively small forces of the enemy opposed to them; and in the second in attacking an enemy worn out, divided in counsel, and struck from behind. They were also prudent enough to discard all their early talk about "liberation" and "nationality," and, having once occupied territory, to stick there, in entire disregard of previous agreements or any principle of division by race. So they have their reward, however troubled and temporary that reward may prove.

The Concert of Europe has also played a part. It threatened that there should be no war. It threatened that, whatever happened, the *status quo* of territory should be preserved. It promised that the States should not be deprived of the fruits of victory. It insisted that the Treaty of London should be maintained. It announced that the Treaty of Bucharest would be revised. On none of these threats, promises, or announcements did it act. On none of these points did it do anything at all. It lay behind the scenes, apparently torpid. To one small and useful deed of justice it roused itself. As Austria was getting angry about her own interests, it saved Scutari from Montenegro. But its friends claim for it one still more conspicuous triumph. The Concert succeeded, they say, in preserving a concerted inaction, without allowing its own members to tear each other limb from limb. That was as much as any reasonable being could expect, and a great deal more than many hoped. One further point, however, Austria and Russia, at all events, have gained: except Roumania, none of the Balkan States is now strong, and Roumania's power could not be described as a "moral strength."

So things stand as a result of all the blood and sorrow. For the first time for generations Turkey has regained territory she had lost. Under the guidance of Talaat Bey, and with Ahmed Riza as new President, the Committee of Union and Progress is probably more powerful now than ever it was. Bulgaria is at her lowest depth. After all her enormous sacrifices, she cannot even reach the seventy miles of wretched coast which remain to her on the Ægean without using a Turkish railway. The inhabitants of Gumuldjina are in open

revolt against her, and have established a Provisional Government, like Ulster. The Bulgarians in Macedonia have reorganized the Comitadji bands, and are threatening the Greeks and Serbs, whom they call their "new oppressors." Greeks, Serbs, and Montenegrins are snatching a fearful joy, trying to extinguish the nationality question by forcible baptisms and other persecutions, while they cling to as much of Albania as they dare, and look forward with apprehension to the time of Bulgaria's certain revival and probable vengeance.

There remain Roumania, which is enjoying the easily won reward of infamy, and Albania, where the Powers are doing their worst to promote a third war by their delay in defining the frontiers and appointing the promised International Commission of Control. The Commission for the southern frontier appears actually to have started now, and to have accomplished the twelve-hours' journey by train from Salonica to Monastir in safety. It is a good omen that they have refused to receive a deputation of the so-called Greek inhabitants of the Albanian town of Koritza. The northern Commission is also getting together. Austria and Italy are said to be sending one hundred men apiece, and even if the other three Powers are not obliged to do the same, a large force will be quartered on that unhappy region, already devastated by repeated wars and eaten to the bone. Twenty men and two tents would be quite a sufficient party, and the first necessity is haste. For, partly owing to perpetual Austrian intrigue, there is already trouble along that frontier with Montenegro. Further east and south, Issa Boletin, with Albanian bands, is working for the redemption of Prisrend and Djakova from their new Serb and Montenegrin masters, and six thousand Albanians have actually driven the Serbs out of Dibra and occupied it. For which reason Serbia has mobilised 30,000 troops again, and threatens to reoccupy advanced strategic points in Albania proper, and to remain there. Meantime, Essad Pasha, the darkest of all dark horses, has set up a little government of his own in Durazzo, and openly defies the recognised Provisional Government at Avlona, under which he is nominally Home Secretary. Probably he works in league with Serbia, but he is also reported to have proclaimed the Sultan's suzerainty again, and one never knows to whom such a man may offer himself next. The Powers must be quick. For an independent Albania is hitherto almost the only point of hope that has arisen from the year of conflict.

THE NEW ANTI-UNIONISM.

It is unfortunate for the cause of industrial peace that what we cannot but designate as the forces of militant capitalism should have selected this period of unrest in the labor world for parading the menace of an organization of employers with a huge fighting fund to "resist" and crush the so-called "new" unionism. The United Kingdom Employers' Defence Union has for its avowed policy the protection and encouragement of "free" labor and "free" employers against the endeavors of Trade Unionism to organize for collective bargaining the workers in the several trades. It will "support"

financially employers and their several federations to fight "to a finish," and its promoters expressly cite the railway strike of 1911 and last year's miners' strike as instances where such a policy might have brought about a "satisfactory" settlement. The Defence Union will also take for one of its chief objects the amendment of the Trades Disputes Act in respect to boycotting and peaceful picketing. With these aims in view, it will register itself as a Trade Union, so securing all the "privileges and exemptions" of workmen's unions. It makes no concealment of its real weapon, a guarantee fund of fifty million pounds, with which it will be able to drive home the true "rights of property," the possession of the longer purse. If anything further were required to make clear the significance of this new organization, it is its repudiation of anti-trade-union policy, coupled with a list of "approvers," upon which figure the names of almost all the leading men, titled, academic, and industrial, who during recent years have taken a prominent part in the denunciation of Trade Unionism. Even the "Times," highly favorable to the intentions of these militants, questions their wisdom, and recognises that this parade of money bags must have an "irritating effect" upon starving strikers in Dublin and elsewhere.

To us it appears an act of almost criminal perversity to set about deliberately to destroy the only method of fairly reliable co-operation between employers and workers in their several trades which recent experience has evolved, that of peaceful trade agreements. The militant employers, indeed, repudiate any such intention, nay, they even affirm that one of their main purposes is to secure the fulfilment of such agreements. But in actual fact their encouragement of "free" labor and "free" employers is nothing other than a subsidy of the forces of disorder. Those who assert that the existing policy of trade agreements has proved a failure are entirely mistaken. The recent Report of the Industrial Council establishes two clear judgments: first, that breaches of such agreements are quite exceptional; and, secondly, that their occurrence is generally due to the imperfect organization of the two parties entering such agreements. Indeed, the whole history of modern industry in this country and elsewhere establishes the necessity of strong organization as the basis of pacific settlements. Now this is plainly inconsistent with the false "freedom" which this fifty-million union is to champion. In the interests, not merely of labor but of the general trade of the country, it is necessary to stamp out these *franc-tireurs* of industry. If there is still to be war, it must be organized war between armies capable of making and of keeping a durable peace.

An instructive object-lesson was furnished to shareholders last week in the quick settlement of the 'bus strike. The basis of that settlement was "recognition," and that was possible because the vast majority of employees were members of the unions. Most of the trouble at the present time, especially in the transport trades, is due to the recent rapid flooding of many branches of the unions by men habituated to that "freedom" which the militant capitalists desire to conserve, and chafing against the unaccustomed discipline. It may be true that there are members and leaders of

local unions disposed to break away from inconvenient agreements. This charge is brought, truly or falsely, against the Irish Transport Union, and Mr. Larkin in particular. But the cure for bad organization is not anarchy, but better organization, as indeed the Dublin instance proves. For if, as now seems probable, peace is at last within sight at Dublin, the instruments of its attainment will have been the backing of the local agreement by the English Transport Federation and the tangible support given to the strikers by English trade unionists—both alike testimonies to the power of organization.

The real problem to-day is how to improve the machinery of conciliation and agreement between capital and labor. Since neither party is yet willing to bind itself to outside arbitration, the immediate issue is that of securing stability for voluntary agreements entered into by responsible organizations. For this purpose we think the State ought to accord a sort of legal recognition to genuinely representative bodies of employers and workmen in these trades, enforcing throughout the trade the conditions upon which these responsible parties have agreed. This course would, no doubt, bring great pressure upon outsiders to enter the organizations, for only by so doing could they influence trade policy and properly safeguard their special interests. Such compulsion, formal or informal, will doubtless be vigorously denounced by the anarchists of industry as a grossly unwarranted interference with their natural liberties. The proper answer is that it is contrary to public policy to permit the brawling and disorder in our industrial highways which issue from this liberty. The public requires a regular supply of coal, transport, and other goods and services for its safety and convenience, and if the pacific arrangements of groups of employers and of workers are essential to procuring such supplies, it will treat as public enemies the persons who refuse to come into, or otherwise obstruct the efficacy of, these arrangements.

In the matter of the agreements themselves, the present bickerings bring to the front one important issue. In all wage agreements there should be provided some machinery for the periodic revision of money rates of pay, in the light of movements of prices. In other words, the bargaining should have regard to "real," not "money" wages. Much, if not most, of the immediate exasperation is due to the recent pressure of high prices. Though some practical difficulty might be experienced in inducing workers to accept a fall of money wages where prices had fallen, this case would seldom be enforced, in face of the normal upward pressure of the working classes for an increasing share of the national income, while the automatic revision would certainly abate much friction. The postal employees at the present time very naturally put the issue of rising prices in the forefront of their demands, and it is hard to see what answer can be given to this part of their case. Upon the general merits of their criticism of the recent Report and of the considerable fresh demands they make upon the public purse, we do not, however, feel competent to express a judgment. Indeed, the very principles for such a judgment seem lacking. Most of us would uphold the policy of paying postal and

other public employees a full living wage, and of according to them other conditions at least as good as, or indeed somewhat better than, are found in private employments involving the same industry, skill, and responsibility. But how far ought a public department to go in setting a good example? Suppose that we agree that no family can be kept respectably on less than £200 a year. Would it be wise or possible immediately to place all public employees upon that footing? Or, driving the matter further, ought the Board of Trade to bring all its pressure upon the Railways to compel them to adopt a similar minimum?

It is idle to reply that in regard to the Post Office no fresh taxation would be necessary, because of the large profits made out of the public monopoly. The real issue is how far these "profits" should be ear-marked for the special benefit of the employees of the Department. It is doubtless true that a million of these profits could be diverted into higher salaries of Post Office employees. We do not say that this should not be done. But, if it be done, either some other public service with its employees must be let down, or the body of taxpayers, including all the workers of the country, must be called upon to make good the million. We feel that it is unwise, even dangerous, for groups of public employees to formulate demands, which may be reasonable in themselves, without clearly facing these consequences. It is likely that in wages, or at any rate in aggregate conditions, the postal employees are better off than most workers of similar skill in outside employments. How far do they contend that this preference should be carried?

THE SYNDICALISTS OF THE UPPER CLASSES.

THE panics of societies are like the panics of individuals. They break into the daily lives and occupations of society at intervals, and during the rest of the time there is peace, sometimes an uneasy and troubled peace, but not the kind of terror that comes when the mind cannot escape from some tormenting anxiety. Ever since the Industrial Revolution, with its concentration of masses of men and women, one such anxiety has started into life from time to time in the imagination of the upper classes. When hunger, as some would say, or rapacity, as others would say, drives a great body of working men into temporary rebellion, is it quite certain that an army drawn entirely from poor and scanty homes, overshadowed by just those afflictions that have driven other poor men into violence, will act whole-heartedly against the insurgents? If not, what is to become of the State and of the classes whose interests are indissolubly bound up with order and discipline? This is the terrifying question that the upper classes every now and again put to themselves. In the early days of the Industrial Revolution the anxiety was acute; it was one of the causes of the great burst of barrack building all over the industrial districts, and it governed military policy for a generation. Modern experience of the effect of a life of drill and discipline and routine on the independence of any set of men has allayed this early alarm, but

every now and again it revives when the working classes seem to be more active and impatient. This has been particularly the case during the last few years, and the law enacted at the time this terror was at its height has been put into force against printers and other working men. The Syndicalist appeal to the human sympathies of the army, the reminder in the words of an old and famous speech that a soldier does not cease to be a citizen, has excited very real alarm, not only here, but in other countries as well.

The historian when reviewing this period will regard it as a surprising and striking feature of the times that at the very moment when the upper classes were beginning to think once again of this danger, there occurred an outbreak of Syndicalism among those classes themselves. If evidence were wanted of the difficulty that men find in holding more than one idea in their mind at the same time, it would surely be provided in the spectacle of the Conservative press contemplating, not with dismay, but with satisfaction, the suggested mutiny of British officers in Ulster. It is enough for them that a Government which they dislike would be embarrassed if a great body of officers transferred their swords from the Government to the rebels. So agreeable is this prospect of confusion and disorder that it shuts out all view of the inevitable consequences, and they imagine that they can play with Syndicalism themselves without any danger to the order and security on which their own property and interests depend. One paper carries this effort of detachment to the triumphant point of printing two consecutive articles, in one of which the editor dwells with pleasure on the prospect of officers relinquishing their allegiance to the Crown, while in the next he speaks of the Trade Unionists as "the Prætorians" of our civilisation. The position, so far as these papers are concerned, would become really interesting if a number of officers resigned their commissions in order to drill the members of the Transport Workers' Federation in Dublin. The officer in Belfast would be denouncing the tyranny of Mr. Redmond and the docility of the servile Liberal Government, while his brother officer in Dublin would be using precisely the same language about Mr. Murphy or Lord Aberdeen. The only difference of importance would be that one officer would be talking of the calamities that might befall some of the people of Belfast, while the other would point to men and women actually starving, and the visible fact of the Dublin slums.

The step that so many Conservatives are applauding is, it is to be noted, a more extreme step than that of refusing to fire upon rebels or rioters. For that much lesser offence private soldiers are liable, of course, to extreme penalties. These officers are actually to take up arms against the Crown, to use the experience and training which they acquired at the expense of the taxpayers for organizing resistance to constitutional government. Now, if their case of conscience was put at its very highest, can it be pretended that it is stronger than the case of a private soldier called in to quell an industrial riot? Take the case of the clayworkers in Cornwall. Here were a set of men trying to secure a minimum wage and recognition of their union. They picketed the works

to prevent men from coming in to undersell them. The police interfered with their picketing, there was a disturbance, and ultimately the soldiers were called in. The circumstances were reviewed in an excellent letter from "A Barrister" in our columns a fortnight ago. "A Barrister" pointed out that the right of the blackleg which the soldiers were called in to vindicate has been repudiated by the State in several industries—in coal-mining, for example, and in all the sweated trades that come under the Trade Boards. Can it be argued, then, that the obligation of the private soldier to fire upon men and women of his own class for trying to prevent other persons from driving down their standard of life and plunging them in degradation, a policy which the State itself has adopted in other industries, is more binding than the obligation of an officer to withhold active assistance from an armed rebellion against a Government which is proceeding by all the ordinary and constitutional methods to carry a Bill into law? We should have thought that the slowest imagination would see that if the doctrine that the army may decide when to obey and when to resist is once admitted, the application cannot be limited to suit the wishes and convenience of the upper classes. The common soldier, who is virtually told by his commanding officer that he can choose between the Crown and a rebel force in one case, will not understand the reasoning which would forbid him to choose in another. If political riots in Belfast were succeeded by industrial riots, is the soldier at liberty to throw in his lot with the Orangemen but not at liberty to throw in his lot with the workmen? It is surely only a blinding party spirit that can prevent the chief partisans of law and order from recognising that they are buying an apparent advantage of party at a very serious cost. The "Times" tries to throw the blame on the Government. But if a general epidemic of turbulence and disorder follows, that kind of party reasoning will provide singularly little satisfaction to those who dread the danger of mob violence.

There is another reason why this prospect ought to possess greater terrors for the governing classes. These high-placed rebels go scot free, while poor and obscure Syndicalists are bundled into prison. At this moment a boy is awaiting his trial for inciting the boys of Belfast, and to what? To rebellion? To taking up arms against the Crown? Not at all. To abstain from enlisting. Now most people who have reached middle-age have learnt the sad lesson of life that the justice of the world is very like the justice of "The Silver Box." But it is not a wise thing, in the interests of comfortable people, to push these distinctions too far, and to make the workmen despair of anything like fair play in the life of society. And if it is retorted that this is the Government's look-out, the answer is that the danger that is provoked by these flagrant inequalities is not a danger to the life of any Administration, but a danger to the permanent interests of the ruling classes. If agitators were in search of material, if the doctrine of violence should flag, if workmen should look elsewhere for their remedies, the Syndicalists of the upper classes may be trusted to do their best to restore the popularity of more primitive methods of redressing wrongs.

"KIDNAPPING BY ORDER."

THE "Pall Mall Gazette," in last Saturday's issue, attacked us for our last week's article under this heading. We will repeat the main points of its attack. It said that we had based a page and a half of moral indignation upon correspondence before us, though we admittedly had no direct knowledge of the matter at all. It referred to the "atmosphere, intrigues, and past history of the State of Junagadh." It compared the "wails of the Dowager Begum" with "those heard by most fathers from their wives when the eldest son is sent off to school for the first time." It said that "in this instance, the part of the father is played by the Bombay Government, which has sent the young Nawab, a lad of thirteen, to England to be educated." It referred to a "sad story" about the late heir of Junagadh, "who might, perhaps, have been alive and ruling the State to-day, if the Government had looked after him better in his youth." It said the authorities wanted to get the present Nawab away from the zenana, and that, in the case of a boy of thirteen, they were amply justified.

We answer that all these points of attack are either untrue or irrelevant. Our article was not based "on moral indignation," but on a simple statement of the case, so far as the correspondence on all sides revealed it. We admitted that we judged the case from that correspondence, without any personal knowledge of the characters concerned. But such correspondence is obviously "direct knowledge," and is always taken as such in any court of law. If account is to be taken of the intrigues, atmosphere, and past history of all the 680 "Native States" in India, our various Indian Governments there will have enough on their hands, and will be compelled entirely to reverse our established policy of non-interference with Indian customs and manners, except in extreme cases of wrong.

That the Bombay Government took upon itself to play the part of step-father in removing the son to England against the mother's wish, is exactly the point of our complaint, for we maintain that the Government had no legal right to play such a part, and that after the father's death, the mother, by our law, has legal control over the child. The "sad story" of another heir, who "might" now have been alive, and the plea that the Government wanted to get the present Nawab away from the zenana by sending him to England, are irrelevant to the case, for, since January, 1911, the boy had been already living under English tutors with two English families in turn, and the mother only asked that, during his present tutor's absence on leave, another English tutor should be provided at any cost. As to Lord Sydenham being a "mirror of rectitude," that may be true; but, whether true or not, it is irrelevant also. In our article we wrote: "We may assume that they (the Resident, Mr. Robertson; the tutor, Mr. Tudor-Owen; and the then Governor of Bombay, Lord Sydenham) are all excellent people, acting throughout from the very highest motives. We only say that, though they were angels from heaven, they have no right in law or equity to kidnap a child." *A fortiori* we say the same of a mirror of rectitude.

The remarks of the "Pall Mall Gazette" do not shake our contention in the least. So far as we can judge, the Bombay Government has acted contrary to the spirit and letter of our law by forcibly removing the boy against the will of his legal and natural guardian. The Viceroy and the India Office have acted ill-manneredly in making no direct answer to the mother's repeated protests. And we regard as very dubious the policy and wisdom of denationalising an Indian Mohammedan prince of thirteen by forcibly removing him from his natural surroundings. The boy is admittedly delicate and unused to cold. The winter is coming on, and again we ask what Lord Crewe proposes to do about it?

A London Diary.

I HEAR that the prospects of a Conference on the Irish Question have considerably improved during the last few days, and it is now almost certain that the Conference will ultimately take place. The more circumstantial statements on the subject which have appeared in the press may be dismissed as merely intelligent guesses, but that the minds of the leaders on both sides are moving in the direction I have indicated is absolutely certain.

On the other hand, I find no great belief in Carsonism on the part of anybody who has seen it at work—or at play. All these observers detect an element of exaggeration, especially in regard to the numbers of the volunteers, as well as a total want of imagination as to what rebellion implies, and a childishness which is, after all, reflected in Sir Edward Carson's speeches. There is no concealment. Even if the Government were not fully informed (which they are), they could get all the knowledge they want for the asking. For example, a friend of mine, a stranger and a journalist, witnessed one of the drills. The "volunteers" used dummy rifles. "What is the use of drilling with dummies?" my friend inquired from a patriot. "We can't use rifles; the Government would seize them," was the reply. "But you have to store them somewhere!" "Certainly; we keep them in that building, with all the ammunition we want."

EVENTS in Constantinople have, I imagine, put the Committee of Union and Progress fully in power again, for they take all the credit of the adventure which gave Adrianople back to Turkey. The special merit of the stroke—if merit it be—lies at the door of Talaat Bey, the ablest member of the Cabinet, and the remarkable work of military organization which made it possible belongs to Izzet Pasha, the new Commander-in-Chief, whose capacity revealed itself in the first war. In order to secure the march on Adrianople, every available man, horse, and mule, was pressed into the service with an energy that might have saved the Turkish forces had it been exerted last autumn. But the wise shake their heads at the prospect. Turkey will want much money—nearly thirty millions sterling, it is said; and the new frontier will cost her for defence ten times as many men as would have sufficed to secure the lines of Tchataldja. And, of course,

she will have to reckon with the Slav nations, especially with Bulgaria, in whose downfall no good observer of Balkan politics believes. So far as their immediate future is concerned, good observers incline to believe in an understanding not between Turkey and Bulgaria but between Bulgaria and Servia, while Austria and Russia work impartially to keep all the young States as weak and dependent as possible.

HERE, by the way, is a story of one of the unnumbered exploits of the Turkish censor. Some time ago this gentleman was called upon to "pass" some hymns which had been translated into Bulgarian. He sent back the copy with more than half the hymns crossed out. An appeal was made to a more modern-minded official, with the result that most of the hymns were allowed to pass. Again an attempt was made to secure the whole book. But here the official shook his head. "Doubtless we Turks are fools," he said, "but not such fools as to let you sing, 'Shall we gather at the river.' Of course, we know what river the Bulgarians are thinking of." And, indeed, the censor's thoughts were fixed on the Maritza, not on the mystical stream of the Apocalypse.

PATRICK FORD's fame and work had ceased before he died; and yet most of us can remember the days when his name was peppered over almost every issue of the "Times" newspaper. What a bogey this strange, shy fanatic became! He was a symbol of horror to political England; and yet the two salient facts about his career were that when it was at its height of activity, he was an enemy of the Parliamentary movement, and even of the Land League, and that the Liberal concession of Home Rule made him a Moderate. People who forget what Irish Nationalism in the bad years of the 'seventies and 'eighties was (and had to be), can hardly measure the appeasement that the policy of 1886 brought about. Ford was, no doubt, a dubious fruit of it. Pietist and dynamitard, he would probably have been a more Conservative force in a constitutional Irish State than Parnell himself.

I AM asked to correct one or two statements with regard to the shooting in Johannesburg made in THE NATION by Mr. Balmforth, or quoted by him from other observers. I am assured, for example, that no woman was shot with a baby in her arms from the Rand Club; and that in the two days only one woman was very slightly injured in the knee; also that the fire at Chudleigh's was put out not by the strikers but by the police. There was also no firing in Market Square, and the only persons injured in it, I am informed, with the exception of one or two struck by stones, were the police, seventy or eighty of whom were hurt, some seriously.

A PASSAGE in the proceedings of the Committee on Commons, which has recently issued its reports, should remind our historians how limited is the fame they enjoy. One of the witnesses, in answering a question, remarked, "I believe there is a book written by a German professor, Seebohm." So much for the renown of perhaps the most distinguished of recent English historians on the subject that the Committee was considering at the moment. Poor Mr. Seebohm was not even recognised for an Englishman!

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE REFUSAL TO MULTIPLY.

THE Registrar-General's Annual Report shows that the nation has once more cut all previous records in its declining birth-rate for 1911. The table, setting forth this continuous decline of national fertility during the last thirty-five years, must be regarded as a momentous document. Since 1876 the total fall in the birth-rate, calculated on the total population, amounts to 31 per cent.; calculated on the number of women of child-bearing ages, it amounts to 36 per cent.; calculated on the number of married women of a child-bearing age, it amounts to 34 per cent. Put in another way, the actual number of births in 1911 fell short by nearly four hundred thousand of the number which would have taken place had the higher rate of the late 'seventies been maintained. Nor is this decline compensated by the respectable, though less regular, decline of the death-rate. The net growth of our population is steadily dwindling, and, if the process continues at its present pace, we shall reach in a generation or so the condition of stagnation which France has already for some time attained.

How ought we to regard this process, with satisfaction or alarm, or with calm acquiescence as a decree of Nature? One's first instinct is to consider a growing population as something in itself desirable, since life is to be deemed, upon the whole, a "good." And notwithstanding the arguments of pessimists and of Malthusians, this view of human increase still prevails. Statesmen and economists, having regard to the strength and the industrial productivity of the nation, would usually maintain that a moderate increase of population was in a high degree desirable. Militarists in particular would insist, as in the case of France, that a population which failed to keep fair pace with the growth of surrounding nations was imperilling its existence and the integrity of its territory. Such alarms, however, so far as they are based upon political and commercial rivalry of civilised Powers, must be assuaged by the consideration that the tendency of the decline of birth-rate and of growth in population is spreading rapidly and pretty uniformly among all advanced nations. The comparative statistics show that every European State, great and small, of which we have a record, with the exception of Russia, Roumania, and Bulgaria, has definitely entered an era of decline. Within the last decade Prussia and the German Empire have fallen into line, the former, indeed, exhibiting a rate of decline somewhat greater than our own. The same tendency is also clearly discernible in the United States, and in all of our self-governing dominions, as regards the settled portions of their populations.

We are, therefore, evidently confronted by a movement which, in a sense, "belongs to" the course of modern civilisation. Is it to be looked upon as a passing phase, or as a necessary process of adjustment to permanent conditions of life? It is too early to do more than speculate upon the answers to such questions. As yet, we know too little of the relative strength of the different causes of the decline. It may be that there exists some inherent antagonism between the higher, more complex, or, as we may call it, more artificial life of a civilised people and the power and desire of rapid reproduction. People living a simpler, physically healthier, less crowded, and less exciting life upon the soil maintain a higher rate of fertility than the denizens of cities, and part of the decline common to all the nations to which we allude is directly associated with the increasing preponderance of the town over the rural population. But even on this point we cannot press the law very far. For in the tables before us it appears that the greatest decline of birth-rate is taking place, not in London and the county boroughs, but in the smaller urban districts.

But, generally speaking, the confined life of the cities is less favorable to natural increase than the life of the country. Is the explanation of this to be found only in the region of social-economics, or are there subtle psychological and physiological factors at work?

It is known that many orders of wild animals fail to breed in captivity. Possibly our great industrial cities similarly exercise some deep-seated nervous influences that disturb the delicate adjustment of the springs of life. But we need not lay much stress upon unconscious causes when known prudential factors are so much in evidence. The deliberate postponement of the age of marriage, especially in the case of women, plays a quite considerable part in the reduction of the birth-rate. The number of persons actually married to every 1,000 marriageable persons in the population has dropped from 56.9 in 1871 to 46.2 in 1911. But there can be no doubt whatever that a prudential policy during marriage is the main direct cause of the decline of growth of population, and it is to the meaning, the desirability, or perils of this policy, that students of the problem must chiefly address themselves. What is first wanted here is a body of accurate information, indicating, as far as they are ascertainable, the real motives which are leading the various classes of the population to restrict the size of their families. And for this purpose we need a more precise examination of the birth rates and survival rates in the various social and economic classes. For in default of such data, the public mind is liable to become the prey of pessimists and alarmists, who dilate upon the deterioration and decay of the race, due to the refusal of the "fitter" elements to reproduce their kind proportionately with the "unfit." By this is usually meant that the well-to-do, educated, and more "efficient" classes are adopting prudential restrictions more rigorously than the poorer classes at the bottom.

Now, the assumption that "well-to-do-ness" in our current system is any reliable test or guarantee of fitness in the sense of socially desirable types of humanity is rightly questioned. Indeed, if, as Mr. Roosevelt and other moral preachers contend, selfishness, cowardice, and love of luxury among the men and women of the well-to-do classes are mainly responsible for their refusal to have children, we have in this very charge a striking testimony to the social undesirability of such a moral stock. But the futility and folly of such talk about race-deterioration are found in the absence of any evidence to show that the lower birth-rate is due to, or is connected with, any such class discrimination. We believe that some important statistical evidence will shortly be produced to show that the birth-rate of the working classes in this country is declining at virtually the same pace as that of the professional and well-to-do classes, and that even among the workers themselves income rates have no ascertainable relation to birth-rates.

An important private Commission, comprising many men and women of eminence among the clergy and the medical profession, as well as some statisticians and sociologists, has been formed to investigate the causes and effects of the declining birth-rate. The time for such a task is extremely opportune. For though the rasher eugenists may be able to adduce no reasonable grounds for their outcry of race deterioration, such alarms easily spread, and are often exploited to assist bad causes or to disparage useful measures of social reform. On the other hand, if real evidence exists for dysgenic selection working through the restriction of the birth-rate, the unpalatable truth will gain due recognition. But even if no qualitative issue emerge from the investigation, the quantitative problem must press with growing insistence upon statesmen and good citizens. For few, we think, will be quite content to see the population of this country drift into stagnancy. Apart from considerations of defensive strength, it will generally be felt that though quality counts for more than quantity, yet quantity does count for something. In the peopling of the world, which is ever going on by the increasing freedom of migration and settlement, there will remain sufficient pride and confidence of race in our people to desire to contribute their fair share in the future as in the past. We shall not be content to confine ourselves within these isles, leading a life of ever-growing material comfort and leisure with our carefully-restricted families, and becoming by our discreet economies and profitable

overseas investments an ever safer, less venturesome, and more parasitic people. That we, like every more thoughtful nation, shall refuse to multiply any more at such a pace as to "press upon the means of subsistence," may indeed be taken for granted. But it is incredible that we shall acquiesce in a shrinkage of population brought about, not as a considered public policy, but as the mere aggregate result of a number of individual family policies. It may be asked, How can the nation help itself? Here we can only answer by asserting our belief that part of the decline of birth-rates will be found attributable to economic conditions affecting the lives of men, and especially of women, which are not immutably fixed in the order of civilisation, but can be changed and reformed by a wiser social policy, securing a freer play to sexual selection, and a larger security of livelihood and employment.

THE MAKE-BELIEVE OF ULSTER.

It is a fact of some significance that whenever Ulster has turned to Nationalism—or, at least, to nationality—she has been able to produce poetry, and that, whenever she has abandoned herself to Unionism, she has achieved nothing higher than make-believe. In an Irish mood she gave birth to Drennan and Ferguson; as an ascendancy province, she can boast only of a long line of Captain Craigs. It may be thought by some people that poetry and make-believe are not so very far apart from each other. They are at least as different, however, as illusion and delusion. Poetry is a noble illusion; make-believe is, at best, a childish delusion. When the frog thought that by swelling itself out with wind it could make itself the equal of the bull, that was a delusion. When Falstaff went on increasing and increasing the number of cutpurses whom he had so valorously put to flight, he, too, was a victim of delusion, of make-believe. Ulster is the capital province of delusion—or, more accurately, the four counties of delusion. She is a true Falstaff in her exaggerations, even if she is more inclined to exaggerate the number of her friends than the number of her foes. Some time ago the "Spectator" published an article, called (we quote from memory) "Liberal Delusions about Ulster." It would have been considerably more instructive if the writer had gone on to tell us something in regard to Ulster's delusions about Liberals—and not about Liberals only, but about most things on the surface of this rolling world. One might make a fine list of the errors of Ulster—theological, historical, and political—which have sprung from her splendid genius of delusion.

One might start off with her famous idea that God is an Orangeman, and one might go on to note how the great cosmic mystery that perplexes her is less the mystery of the existence of sin or of pain than the mystery of the existence of Catholics. In illustration of the latter, a pretty story is told, which we hope is not too stale to quote. One day an Ulster teacher was explaining to his class how God had made the world and all that is therein, and, at the end of his explanations, he invited his pupils, in the usual way, to ask him questions. There was silence for a moment, when a small boy asked: "Please, sir, did God make the Roman Catholics?" "Yes," the teacher told him, "God made the Roman Catholics." The boy frowned and shook his head. "He'll rue it yet," he said gloomily. Of course, that is only a funny story, and enlightened Ulstermen would get indignant if you took it too seriously. But, after all, upon what else are Ulster politics, as we see them to-day, based but upon the idea that in creating the Catholics the Almighty made His grand blunder? Is not the Catholic regarded by the Orangeman as on the whole but a flawed specimen, not to be ranged on the same counter with the genuine Protestant article? Seeing, then, that the Ulster genius for delusion reaches back to the creation of man, it is not surprising to find that it embraces on its way so important an event in human history as the Battle of the Boyne. Ulstermen absolutely insist on thinking of the Battle of the Boyne as a fight of Orangemen under King

William against the Ancient Order of Hibernians under King James. They would laugh at you if you told them that the Pope as well as the Holy Roman Empire was at the back of William when he first set forth to conquer King James and his ally, King Louis. King William as the subsidised ally of Rome would not be a popular figure at Twelfth-of-July processions. He would, we fear, no longer be hailed as "Orange Billy," but as "Papish Billy," after the fashion in which more recent British monarchs have been nicknamed in Ulster. He would be dubbed a Fenian, a Jesuit, and would probably be suspected of acquiescence in the kidnapping of children. The Ulstermen, however, know as little of the real William of Orange as they do of the real William of Germany, to whom they occasionally threaten to turn in their present exasperation. How excellent a subject for an imaginary conversation lies ready for some dramatic hand—what about Mr. Shaw's!—in a scene between Captain Craig and William III., or an interview between Sir Edward Carson and the Kaiser! Somehow we imagine that Sir Edward and the honest Captain are a thousand times safer under the mild rule of King George than they would be as subjects of either of the Williams. It is the Ulsterman's sublime delusion, however, to believe that a great monarch like William of Orange or the Kaiser would regard it as the supreme secret of good government to make Ulster the keeper of his conscience and never to take any step without first having read the leading articles in the "Belfast Northern Whig" and the "Belfast Newsletter."

Unfortunately, this make-believe does not confine itself to history. It is the sun in Ulster's sky, and throws its queer light on everything that comes within the Ulsterman's ken. We have already referred to Ulster's delusions about Liberals as a good subject for investigation. One of the most remarkable of these delusions is that Liberals will never dare to carry through Home Rule for Ireland so long as Ulster threatens violence in a loud voice and with a dummy rifle in her hand. There is an idea afoot in Ulster that Liberals are timid creatures, whom Mr. Redmond keeps dancing on his frying-pan, and who are comically unable to decide between the terrors of this frying-pan and of the fire of Ulster's wrath. Many Ulstermen sincerely believe that Mr. Asquith leads a quaking existence under the intimidating hand of Mr. Redmond, and that Ulster has only to intimidate a little more persuasively on the other side to get all she wants. They believe that the effective way to treat Mr. Asquith is to make him two or three times as scared of the Orangemen as he is of the Nationalists, and that the English elector has to be taken by the scruff of the neck in the same way. Ever since Mr. Churchill generously and for the sake of peace waived his right to speak in the Ulster Hall, and compromised by addressing his meeting on the Falls Road—though the Unionists, it should be remembered, had forbidden him to speak anywhere in Belfast at all—they have been convinced that a threat is as good as a blow when dealing with a Liberal. They regard it as almost a sign of Liberal weakness that the police do not rush upon them in the middle of their gymnastic exercises, and the fact that their speakers are allowed to talk far more madly than the maddest of Mad Mullahs without being hurried off the scene in handcuffs, is taken as sure proof that the Government would never dare to lay a finger on an Ulsterman, no matter what crime he committed in the name of the Union. It is the especial baseness of men like Mr. F. E. Smith that they encourage the more ignorant followers of Sir Edward Carson in the belief that, because the Liberal Government is indifferent to antics, it would therefore lack the nerve to punish crimes. These decent deluded Ulstermen were told for a time—though Mr. Smith, we think, did not go so far—that even if they were to proceed to such lengths that the authorities would have to use the military against them, the British soldier would refuse to obey an order to fire upon men who, like them, were able to say the alphabet of loyalty backwards. It is, in our opinion, an act of perfect wickedness to ask men to arm themselves on pretences like these. Everybody, except the most ignorant, knows that riot and revolution in Ulster would be treated

exactly in the same way in Ulster as in Huntingdonshire, that, so long as Ulstermen behave in an orderly way, no one is going to interfere with them, but, if they make organized attacks on life and property, they will be forcibly interfered with as surely as if they were citizens of Bermondsey or Clapham—and whoever asks them to volunteer for insurrection in ignorance of this is a master of false pretences. Only one of the Ulster leaders, so far as we know, has yet counselled the Ulstermen to take up arms on the understanding that the "civil war" was going to be something other than make-believe. This was General Sir William Adair, the new Adjutant-General of the Carsonite forces. Speaking at White-abbey on July 21st last, he declared:—

"The right thing for the Government to do after it passed the Home Rule Bill was to coerce Ulster into submission, and the right way for them to do it was to employ British troops. As an old soldier it had rather pained him lately to hear and read so many questions as to whether the British soldiers would fire on Ulstermen. Thank God, the British soldier and the British sailor had always done their duty, and he knew they always would. And if they were told that it was their duty to fire on Ulstermen they would fire on Ulstermen."

General Adair's conclusion of the whole matter, however, was as Gilbertian a bit of make-believe—unconscious make-believe, we mean—as anything that has occurred in the annals of Ulster. "It was," he told his audience of Covenanters, "their duty to oppose the Government, if necessary, by force of arms, and it was the duty of the Government to oppose them by all the forces that they could command." This, we fear, is a little too metaphysical to be understood by the plain man. It is worth putting on record, however, as the only attempt made by an Ulster leader to remove the delusion of those Covenanters who have persuaded themselves that the British Army is ready to turn traitor at the bidding of the members for the four counties.

We are making no effort in this article, we should say, to weigh up the Ulster character in its various aspects. We do not appreciate the noble qualities of the Ulsterman less because we realise that they have never been able to express themselves in politics owing to his almost inexhaustible capacity for self-deception. Every argument he ever deigns to bring forward against Home Rule besides his usual blank "No" is simply a piece of self-deception, as you will find if you analyse it. One of the arguments that have the strongest appeal among the country Presbyterians, for instance, is that Home Rule would put them under the heel of Sabbath-breakers. They keep up a huge pretence that England, being a Protestant country, observes the Sabbath in the Ulster manner, though London is noisy every Sunday in all her parks with bands playing airs from musical comedies, and cinematograph shows are as busy as booths at a fair. One does not object to Ulster having her own ideas about how to keep the Sabbath. One does object, however, to the silly pretence that Mr. Dillon and Mr. Redmond are more given to amusing themselves on Sunday than English Unionist Members of Parliament. A few years ago, one of the gravest arguments against a Liberal candidate in Ulster was that he had on his platform a man who had once addressed a political meeting on a Sunday. The Liberal was defeated; his Unionist opponent was returned to Westminster. Only a few weeks passed when, one Monday, the "Daily Mail" gave in its social column a list of the guests at a big skating carnival at Olympia on the previous night. The names of the new Unionist Member and his wife were included. Did the Unionist pulpits of Ulster ring the next Sunday with denunciations of this young gentleman for playing games on the Lord's Day? Of course, they did not. Official Ulster religion is kept strictly subordinate to politics—we do not think this statement is an unfair exaggeration—and what is a deadly sin in a Nationalist is easily overlooked in a Unionist. One noticed a similar instance of self-deception lately when an Ulster archbishop denounced Sir John Simon because it was announced that the latter was to address a Home Rule meeting in Newry on a Sunday, though the archbishop himself was all the time supporting a movement for making every Protestant service in Ulster to-morrow (Sunday, September 28th) a service on behalf of the

Union. Ulster politics will always be in a muddle till she learns to take the beam out of her eye and see straight. Meanwhile, she goes on play-acting. The genius of delusion, however charming in children and kittens, is apt to act upon grown men like an intoxication.

OF GREAT PRICE.

WHOSE was the hand that threw away a pearl richer than all his street, or how it came about that an exemplary early-riser in Highbury caught a worm which supplied him with a comfortable competency for life, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. But what have since been the reflections, or what the language, of those who refused a handful of £2,000 gems rather than risk a glass of fourpenny to a thirsty man, surpasses the limit of imaginative power. We think of Highbury now as the blessed seat of a charity untrammelled by organization, and of a mercy whose quality is not strained. Let everyone who is thirsty hasten to climb that calm acclivity by North London train or cars that are fed on our municipal lightning. None so poor there as to reject his petition. There the founts of human sympathy now gush without constraint. There, we think, as at the crowning of old Kings, the gutters run with wine, and visions of magic fortune haunt the expectant clerk, as in the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid.

How vast a change of disposition is wrought by one moment of discovery! A week or two ago, how shut were Highbury's bowels of compassion! Not a drink was to be had for asking. Not a drink, not a penny in exchange for pearls of which a duchess would have died in ecstatic pain. They called them "marbles," did those unconverted natives of hyperborean wilds! They said they weren't fit for their young barbarians to play with. They said no girl of theirs would be seen dead in them. That the exemplary early-riser should have gone cadging for a drink at that hour of the morning does not appear to have struck the unsophisticated natives as peculiar. But stand him one on them things? Never so long as they lived! Not a drink, not a penny would they stand, and pocketing £117,000 (less a few thousand dropped by accident), the exemplary one went away sorrowful, a sadder and a thirstier man; as when a traveller in the desert, parched with drought, while camels champ their frothy mouths, suddenly upon the horizon sees fair-waving palms and brimming lakes, and hurries on expectant. We know the story, and what the traveller says when he finds that things are not what they seem.

The denizens of Highbury have also found that things are not what they seem, and that accounts for their regretful agitation and the generous outpourings which we have assumed. But what a lesson for duchesses it all is! For duchesses, princesses, wives of financiers, mine-owners, mill-owners, urban landowners, or whoever else wears pearls at £2,000 apiece, what a stern lesson in the vanity of human wishes! Nearly all of them desire to possess pearls. If they possess pearls, they think better of themselves, and suppose that other people will think better of them. We have known a woman spoil not only her husband's dinner but her own because she had lost a pearl far inferior to the poorest of those which no Highbury man would give a penny for. The pearl was recovered next morning, but when was digestion recovered? The very price of the things measures the passion of the desire. Nor is that passion limited to women; in other countries than ours men also hang them on their heads or bodies with equal joy, and even here in London pearls shed a reflected lustre upon the male who possesses both them and their wearer. It was a touching sight when one or two of those that Highbury rejected were placed again in the hands of their proper owner. He recognised them with the joy of a dog recognising his master. He called them all by their names. He knew the precise Troy weight of each better than a young mother knows the avoirdupois of her first-born. He stroked and fondled them with his hands, as though each had been a cat come home, or a prodigal son that was dead and is alive again,

was lost and is found. And only a day or two before, any humane person could have had the lot for a drink or a penny!

Price is the measure of desire, and here was price enough. With that string of beads, a more judicious early-riser could have purchased an eligible mansion standing in its own grounds, and including a lot of laborers and a cottage or two. He could have purchased his country's victory at the Berlin Olympic Games, and still have kept a tidy little fortune for himself. By subscribing to party funds, he could have purchased very nearly six peerages from any grateful Government—let us say five peerages and two baronetcies, with a knight-hood thrown in. Any of these magic wonders he might have accomplished for beads that Highbury says no girl of hers would be seen dead in. The natural man thought nothing of them. And what were they, after all? The unwholesome salivary secretion of the journalistic synonym for an oyster. In their case, one could not even call the bivalve succulent, for the pearl-oyster is not edible like our humble "natives," and though at times a "native" may develop the pearl disease, he then feels like a parvenu with the gout, as the late Bishop of Oxford once said. But the true pearl-oysters, perceiving their digestion impaired by some intruder into their bivalve, proceed to snow him under, as the librarians snow under the censored book. They smooth him over, as virgin bees wax over the intruder into the hive, making their cerements his sepulchre. They transform him into a monument of inopportune curiosity, like Lot's wife. And when the sanitary process is complete and the oyster feels smooth and comfortable again inside, man with infinite labor fishes him up from his bed, scoops out the monumental mummy, and gets two thousand pieces of gold in exchange for it. Except, of course, in Highbury. There they put a different valuation on the morbid excrescence of a mollusc's entrails. They much prefer genuine glass, the handiwork of human artificers. For a string of well-made pearls, fine in lustre and tender to the touch, they will go to half-a-crown, the price that King Stephen gave for his breeches. Whereas for the fishy produce of the deep they would not give— We have seen what they would not give.

Where, then, is the borrowed radiance of our pearl-owners? Where is their boasting? It is excluded. From the purlieu of the natural man it is excluded, nor can duchesses win his applause unless upon their necklaces they also display the price. It may be said that the same rule holds with other goods than pearls, and that no one would look at our big Raphael, for instance, unless the public had already fixed the label of £70,000 to it in their minds. That, no doubt, is true; and, indeed, the value of many things makes a queer inquiry. Some possessions have an obvious value; such as cattle, for they can plough, give milk, be eaten, and yield hides. And so it was very natural that in Homeric times, as in Zululand to-day, various articles, such as cauldrons and women, should be estimated by their standard. In the same way, salt has an inherent value, and so has covering, where people use it either for modesty or warmth. And consequently, in Central Africa, salt is recognised as a good standard of exchange for small things, such as chickens, and yards of "cloth," or cotton-print, for larger things, such as slaves. It is with products like gold that a new and puzzling factor makes its appearance—the æsthetic or personal factor. Civilised people have always liked to have gold around them, or to stick it on their skins and clothing, because it has a shiny, cheerful color like the sun, does not rust, and can be twisted into ever so many pretty shapes. That it is easier to carry than an ox, divides better by fractions, and keeps longer too, if one is careful with it, has made it also into a standard of exchange. But, apart from its æsthetic charm, it evidently has no value at all, as we see from Robinson Crusoe's moralisings over it, or from the case of the Admirable Crichton, in whose hands a single onion was worth it all.

Suddenly, with gold, we enter a difficult region—a region of infinities, of indeterminate equations, of differential calculus. Within half a lifetime one has seen the value of a picture rise from forty shillings to £10,000,

or drop from £5,000 to £50. Take those Burns's manuscripts: little more than a century ago anyone could have had them for £1 Scots, and welcome; now two hemispheres are fighting for their possession. We have ourselves seen a square inch of Scottish tartan, such as a mill in Paisley might turn out by the thousand yards a day at a shilling or so a yard; but what gold would the owner take for that square inch that once fluttered round the knees of Bonnie Prince Charlie? A prisoner's license is not usually treasured even by his relations, but we have seen the bidding for one at a public auction run up from one pound to a hundred guineas in five minutes, though the prisoner was alive and present. Who shall price Shakespeare's autograph, or a Saint's bone that no dog would look at? Why, a hideous postage-stamp that anyone might have bought for twopence fifty years ago, is now insured as a gem of purest ray! And talking of values, what shall be said of titles and their worth? Things non-existent, phantoms invisible, that can be made by a breath as a breath has made them, an imaginary atmosphere, a guinea-stamp, hereditary as disease but far less tangible, an illusion of the spirit, an unreal mockery! Yet hear what an immeasurable value—a value literally immeasurable by all the money in the world—is set upon these figments. We have all been reading lately of a poor young woman who killed herself because, being a Princess, she was not allowed to marry the man she loved, since he was only a Baron; whereupon her family published the following statement:—

"Baron Hans von Bleichröder, like all acquaintances of the House of Saxe-Weimar, had a farewell view of the departed, but was expressly forbidden to participate in the funeral or attend the cremation. As for the stories set in circulation in regard to a marriage between Princess Sophia and von Bleichröder, there only needs to be repeated the oft-spoken statement of her father that all the money in the world would never have sufficed to bridge over the gulf between a Princess of Saxe-Weimar and Baron von Bleichröder."

So it seems that the moment we touch man's spirit and the values that depend upon it, there can be no accurate or rational valuation at all. To sensible people like the men of Highbury, the cubes of sugar inserted by thieves in the place of the pearls would be more valuable than the pearls themselves. They would dissolve easier than Cleopatra's pearl, and taste nicer, too. In the same way, to many sensible people, Mr. Kipling's patriotic poems might seem more valuable than Milton's or Wordsworth's. But to others, again, into the true pearl or the true poem there has entered an element of infinity—an element not to be expressed in terms of value—something immeasurably surpassing the very best that glass or pinchbeck can accomplish. We suppose it was for this element of incalculable value that the Kingdom of Heaven was compared to a merchant seeking goodly pearls, who when he had found one pearl of great price went and sold all that he had and bought it. "All that he had"—that betrays a recklessness of expenditure unknown to the prudence which would not give a drink for the thing.

A MUSHROOM YEAR.

HAS anyone ever seen such a year as this for the mushroom? It is in our memory of many years one of the most precious treasures of the field. We have run hundreds of yards after a white something showing among the grass, often to find it a stone, a dandelion fluff, or a white leaf; quite rarely to find a mushroom. When we found one in a given tuft of grass, we went there every day to see if its successors had yet appeared. If a few little buttons were discovered, we covered them with strands of hay, so that someone else should not catch sight of them while they were growing to a better size. But this year we kick them everywhere as we walk along. We leave them in hundreds, because they are not just exactly right, and it is only the choice ones that find their way into the frying-pan. In most cottages there are mushrooms in brine on their way to become catsup or ketchup, as we more commonly visualise and pronounce it, so that when this wonderful mushroom autumn has gone, we shall still taste of it in our winter stews and upon our breakfast bacon.

We are not sure how they are getting along in the

towns with their mushrooms. We see great baskets of large rosy-gilled beauties going along the road on the shoulders of children, big girls, old women, and men, and suppose that the town still pays a price that justifies their import. But it is hard to believe that an object of such glut is still a joy to the gourmet. A few weeks ago we were all of us agog for the first mushroom. The shepherd's wife brought them to us. She was up at five in the morning, and on the field she had thought of by six, wandering and winding through the long wet grass, full of anxiety and of jealousy of the man who turned up half-an-hour later on the same quest. It was her one chance, she said, of getting the money to pay her rates. There were others as poor, but more enslaved by the bogey of respectability, so that they dared not collect wild produce for gain. Nowadays, scarcely a waggon-load of mushrooms would pay the rates of a shilling-a-week cottager. "Mushrooms!" says one man. "They be so thick down at C—that they can be mowed. But, then, what's the good?" So clear it is that the towns must be smothered in mushrooms, so much do we take it for granted that it is no use taking them there, that the few bold spirits that do take them find still quite a good market.

A short time ago when the novelty of the crop was still on, we read of a dispute between a collector and a farmer, which led to the former going mushrooming armed with a revolver to keep the other claimant at bay. He was not the only man who imagines that this gratuitous product of the field is the property of the first comer, and that everyone has the right of prospecting for it. The mowing-grass is all down and gathered, and one does no harm by walking over the green fields. There is a sort of web of imagined right over them, like the right known as common of shack, where a field of allotments becomes common grazing ground after a certain date in autumn, when the crops may be presumed to have been gathered. No one would presume the right to gather mushrooms in mowing-grass, but after the crop has been ricked we use all the spaces between gates in the empty fields, and when we come upon a mushroom it is ours. When they are properly scarce, it would pay no capitalist to have them picked for hire. It pays only the laborer himself, or more especially, herself, who counts not the hours or the wet feet or the early rising, but the pennies that will help to pay the rates. It is not a legal nor a customary nor a social but an economic right that makes the true wild mushroom, *Agaricus campestris*, the property of the poor. When the crop is better, so that in one or two fields baskets may be filled at an economic wage, the farmer naturally claims the right. When a glut like this comes, the excrescences are once more the business of the poor.

We have said "excrescences." It is very hard to account for the mushrooms, and to say why they came last year in tens, this year in millions. We can say now that it was the cool, dry summer and mild September rains that brought them up so lavishly. But nobody predicted them before they were seen. They were extraordinarily numerous in 1905, but our memory does not tell us beyond that what kind of a year that was. Culpeper says wisely that mushrooms are under Mercury in Aries, but we confess to not knowing where Mercury is at the present time. We should be more inclined to place the fungi under the domination of the planets than any other vegetable growth, but it may be mentioned, in passing, that this September has seen also an extraordinarily lavish appearance of the rare orchid, Lady's tresses. It may be unjust to mention so beautiful a little flower side by side with the mushroom, organized in underground putrefaction, and coming into the moonlight only as an eel from the mud does, to go down again at the first possible moment.

Why do we eat the mushroom? Perhaps it looks like a bit of meat as we turn over its white silk cap and look at the pink gills, but as a vegetable it comes in very questionable guise. It stands on no root; it has no leaf or floral parts. It is the blossom of mud, as our earliest investigations suggest, and science scarcely tells us otherwise. Says Culpeper:—

"It owes its origin to the putrefaction of earth or dung. From the beginning they discover themselves under the form of a white, mouldy substance, called spawn, which produces numerous white knots, or embryo plants, gradually increasing to the perfect mushroom."

And as to its food value, he said, "Inwardly, they are unwholesome and unfit for the strongest constitutions." Are there not other fungi, like chanterelle and boletus, whose sweeter, wilder lives would dispose us to try them as food rather than the mushroom? If we hang back from them, we understand that the first man who ate a mushroom deserves the somewhat derisive praise bestowed on another pioneer by Gay:—

"The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risked the living morsel down his throat."

It seems to be against reason that this is a nourishing food. What does it know of sunshine, the sole principle of life on this planet? Some condemn the potato, because it has not seen the sun. The potato is produced by the leaves that wave in the sunshine; the mushroom is produced above ground by the subterranean working of the mycelium threads. It has come out of waste organic matter by a back door, a short cut, and not through the legitimate route that gives us the other fruits of the earth. Perhaps the poor do well to sell mushrooms at threepence a pound and buy bacon at a shilling.

If we are wrong in our belief that this is a good food as well as a rich one, the analyst does not seem at all anxious to tell us of our mistake. Perhaps he regards it as only a little one. This is just one of the playthings of appetite, of which we have so many to keep the bread of life from becoming monotonous. We are inveterate mycophagists for pleasure's sake. A fungus puffs up our bread, another turns our fruit-juice into wine, another makes butter, another cheese, and these are but the beginning of a long story. This, at any rate, is the noblest of them all, one that has not stopped at breaking down, but has built up, has raised by multiple organized effort a mighty dome apparently far in excess of its mere reproductive needs, a splendid work of art and of worship to the great sun whom it acknowledges, though from behind a veil. A mushroom growth we sneer—

"Und verfaulen geschwind an dem Platze, der ihn erzeugt hat,
Keine Spur nachlassend von seiner lebendigen Wirkung."

Nevertheless, it is a notable temple, and even oak doesn't last for ever. And if it does nourish a lord of creation, that is as much as the stateliest tree can boast of.

Short Studies.

OTHO.

[After Otho had been partially defeated by Vitellius, his soldiers clamored to be led again to battle. Otho refused in the manner shown here in brief.]

Otho. *Soldiers.*

SOLDIERS. Once more to battle, Otho!

OTHO. No, not for Rome's sake.

SOLDIERS. Caesar, once more!

OTHO. Is Rome forgotten, then?

SOLDIERS. To battle, Caesar!

BIG SOLDIER. Hear us, little Caesar!

BEARDED SOLDIER. Are we, then, dogs that Caesar will not lead us?

SOLDIERS. Ah!

BEARDED SOLDIER. Did we fly? Are we mercenaries?

SOLDIERS. Ah!

YOUNG SOLDIER. Blood, blood, blood!

BIG SOLDIER. Listen, pretty one, listen!

SOLDIERS. Once more, Otho, once more!

CENTURION. You mongrels, peace!

SMALL SOLDIER. I smoke for battle, Caesar. I'll fail thee no more!

SOLDIERS. God Caesar, lead us!

YOUNG SOLDIER. *(beating his shield)* Blood, blood, blood, blood, blood!

SOLDIERS. To battle, Caesar!

BEARDED SOLDIER. Are we Egyptians?

CENTURION.

Peace!

BIG SOLDIER. Hear, pretty one, hear!

OTHO. For this, your love, these thanks.

For your great hearts my heart. My blood for yours,

As yours would flow for mine. This life for all, And for my country.

SOLDIER. Let us die for it then.

ANOTHER. These kisses for your feet.

YOUNG SOLDIER. *(gashing his arm)* This blood to wash them!

ANOTHER. *(doing the same)*

And this to keep you, Caesar.

OTHO. I am that—

And would not be it. For about the world The warlike pest is blown, and Caesar stands Knee-deep in blood, or is not Caesar. Cease! Keep me no more with Fortune. She and I Are wedded-weary of each other.

SOLDIERS. War! War!

CENTURION. Dogs! Listen, while great Caesar speaks.

SOLDIERS. To war!

OLD SOLDIER. See, Caesar, how these wounds burst out once more

With blood that clamors to be shed for thee!

OTHO. For this great love my thanks, brave hearts. My tears

Do thank you. So my country's bitter wounds Burst out with blood once more for me. O there! Too much already have those dreadful wounds Bled gouts and gushes of black blood for me— For nothing. What am I—no god, a man— To loose the life of myriads and to make Italy a charnel for a name? Enough. The battle was against us. Let it be. The gods have spoken, and love not to warn In vain. I am resolved. I'll war no more.

SOLDIERS. Ah! Ah!

SMALL SOLDIER. We are not vanquished!

OTHO. But not victors.

The omens are adverse. Vitellius wins. What matter if he wins? So let him win. Shall Rome be river'd with her children's blood That he or I should wear a purple rag? What is't to Rome who should be Caesar? Hear. We Caesars rise, and rule, and rot—yet are But as the names of nothing for a time; The marks on foolish calendars of days For farmers' fruit-trees and memorial stones— Notches on sticks, and gossip for winter nights; Add not a corn-grain to the goodman's store, A word to wisdom, nor a stave to song; Nor worth the delving of a ditch to hide Our bones in, less a dreadful sepulchre To hold the harvest of a continent. For which of us shall Italy be more fair? Will yonder sun more brightly beam for me Than for Vitellius? Or her labor'd fields More richly bear, her rivers run, her hills Brighten the more, for me than for Vitellius? Upon the sands the silvery waters play; The deep-endell'd woods are rich with flowers; And all her maidens call. Laughing, they call Amid the morning dew: but not the more For me than for Vitellius. Let him reign! I will contend with him in battle no more; I will contend with him in nobleness. So let him then give Rome a Caesar. I Will give her peace.

SOLDIERS. Caesar, Otho, Caesar!

YOUNG SOLDIER. Make way there, comrades; I've a word to move him.

(He stabs himself.)

See, Caesar, what we dare for thee. If thus For nothing we die—how shall we die for thee?

(He dies.)

(OTHO covers his face. Silence.)

OTHO. But ere I give it I must win that peace.

Ah, thou hast taught me how to win it, friend.
 Give me his sword that I may kiss his blood.
 O Italy! O Rome! if thus for me
 Thy children die, how should I die for thee?
(He stabs himself. The soldiers rage round him.)
 SOLDIER. O noble Cæsar!
 CENTURION. Back! let him have more air.
 SOLDIERS. He is not dead.
 CENTURION. Fall back, you dogs!
 SOLDIERS. He dies.
 OTHO. *(dying)* He gives thee—Cæsar. I will give thee
 —peace.
 SOLDIER. I'll see him die, at least.
 SOLDIERS. Hack him to death
 For breathing Cæsar's air.
 SOLDIER. Cæsar, I follow thee.
 ANOTHER. And I.
 ANOTHER. The sun is set with him.
 ANOTHER. You cowards!
 Because you ran in battle, he dies.
 ANOTHER. Who ran?
 ANOTHER. You.
 ANOTHER. *(striking him)* Run, then, after that.
 CENTURION. Undisciplined dogs!
 More air, you curs!
 SOLDIER. He dies.
 SOLDIERS. Cæsar! Cæsar!
(OTHODIES.)
 RONALD ROSS.

The Drama.

THE STAR AND THE PLAY.

"Mary Goes First." By Henry Arthur Jones. Produced
 at the Playhouse

Sir Thomas Dodsworth	...	Mr. KENYON MUGRAVE.
Richard Whichello	...	Mr. CHARLES V. FRANCE.
Felix Galpin	...	Mr. W. GRAHAM BROWNE.
Mr. Tadman	...	Mr. GEORGE SHELTON.
Dr. Cheshier	...	Mr. HERBERT ROSS.
Harvey Betts	...	Mr. RICHARD LUELLEYN.
Lady Dodsworth	...	Miss HAMLEY CLIFFORD.
Ella Southwood	...	Miss MARGARET BRÜHLING.
Mrs. Tadman	...	Miss CLAIRE PAUNCEFORT.
Mary Whichello	...	Miss MARIE TEMPEST.

Two vulgar women—one clever, the other merely silly—dispute with each other as to who shall "go in" first to the dinner table. The silly woman obtains precedence when her husband gets a knighthood. Whereupon the clever woman scoffs at her rival before her face and behind her back, and intrigues so that her husband is given a baronetcy, and thus regains the coveted honor. This is the subject of Mr. Jones's play. The clever woman's jeers are so offensive (they concern her rival's false hair) that an action for libel is brought, and part of the action of the play is concerned with the finessing of the two families in regard to it, in which a pompous husband and an idle, easy-going one play their several parts. A minor motive arises in the clever woman's manoeuvres to secure a baronetcy for her husband. This is the act of the Liberals. It is presented as a foil to a previous sale of a knighthood to the other local nobody, who happens to be a Conservative. That is the whole play. Two acts of it are almost solely concerned with the clever woman's loss of precedence and her re-conquest of it, and the joke about the false hair. The dialogue is without wit, and at moments wears so thin that the play seems at the point of collapsing, and the talk dropping like a spent bullet, until the jest about the hair comes in to pull it together again. It is kept going, however, not by any real quality of verbal or structural ingenuity, but by the lively presence of the artist for whom it is written. This is Miss Marie Tempest. Round her, therefore, everything centres, and on her powers of amusement everything depends. What chiefly fixes the spectator's eye is her capacity for saying spiteful things without moving the muscles of her face, or moving them slightly and demurely. Few attempts are made to repre-

sent the woman as other than a common-minded *intriguante*. She bargains coarsely for her husband's "honor," and dictates paragraphs to the press about her rival's wig. But as Miss Tempest has an agreeable face and a manner of great vivacity, and some drollery, she contrives to excite a certain sympathy with the caprices of that worthless snob, Mrs. Whichello.

Now, if life were a vulgar, meaningless joke, there would be truth in such work as Mr. Jones's "Mary Goes First." But no one can portray the absurdities of his time unless he sees them in the deeper light of its wrongs. "Mary Goes First" is not to be condemned because of its subject, which is the characteristic English vice of snobbery. That happens to be the theme of one of the best plays ever written, and one of the wittiest. Nor is Mr. Jones astray in linking his drama on to another characteristic of English society, the use of the party system in order to create a false standard of honor. It is not a slight fact that undistinguished, rich people can buy their way as far as the peerage, gilding their silver with a pretence of charity or of political principle. It is the business of the satirist to make such pretenders odious or ridiculous, or to expose the subtle corruptions of the society that favors or tolerates them. The wiles of office-seeking in the church, for example, and the part that women may play in them, become at once terrible and absurd in a work like Anatole France's "l'Anneau d'Améthyste." Theft may be induced to wear the same double aspect in comedies like Dickens's "Oliver Twist" and Hauptmann's "Der Biberpelz," or the vices and follies of politicians in Swift's "Gulliver." But why are these works impressive? First, no doubt, because their writers are artists, but also because their comedy is, in purpose, tragically ironical. In other words, their real aim is not amusement, but the representation of life. But this is not Mr. Jones's aim in such a play as "Mary Goes First." One object is, as I have said, to "show off" Miss Marie Tempest, to put her through the paces of her vivacious temperament and sparkling manner. Another would seem to be the purely mechanical intention of setting one vulgarian against another. But Sir Benjamin Backbite and Lady Sneerwell are not a play in themselves. They are merely the background of a general social picture—such a picture as Mr. Jones himself drew, with a flippant but not entirely insignificant touch, in "The Liars." A squabble for precedence at a dinner party, an old woman with painted cheeks and dyed hair trying to look like a young one, and taunted to madness by a more adroit climber, a race between two ambitious snobesses to outbid each other in the political market, a crash for one or both of these enterprises—here are samples of street-trading in "Vanity Fair" well fitted for the wit and the humorist to handle.

Unfortunately, Mr. Jones divines in these actions and attitudes the material not for true comedy of manners, but for rather ill-natured fun. Thus treated, they become not amusing, but painful. It is merely repellent to watch two "cattish" women spitting at each other across the easy chairs of a drawing-room, the younger deriding the elder's age, and the elder retorting with tears and tantrums. Such a situation only becomes dramatic when the author comments on it, illustrates it, makes his audience see that he has in mind, not a petty battle of provincial "bounders," but the social elements out of which it springs. And that is the only treatment that can save the modern stage. Tried as an after-dinner nerve-tickler, it will be beaten (as it is being beaten) by the music-hall, which itself will, for the same reasons, succumb to the wordless spectacle of the "cinema." All kinds of sappers and miners are at work, examining and probing the foundations of the social structure, and unless the dramatist joins them he must lose his place in literature, and sink down, down to the meanest mimetic drudging. Plays written for actors and actresses merely perpetuate a class of "star" artists—David James, Toole, Tree, Wyndham, Maude—the procession is really an endless one—who, having become the dramatist's masters instead of his servants, bind him in fee for the rest of their days to write for THEM, rather than for Life and Art. Plays written

for a joke will amuse so long as the jest seems new, and no longer; and all jests being old, and only the spirit of comedy being ever fresh and young, these will enjoy a shorter and ever shorter existence, killed by the cost of the modern theatre and the fickleness of the crowd. Talents devoted to such work will deteriorate, as Mr. Jones's has deteriorated, until our dramatists rediscover their business, which is to show the age for what it is, shaming it out of its vices, and dressing its pomps in the livery of folly which becomes them.

H. W. M.

Letters from Abroad.

THE MILESTONE OF THE JENA CONGRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The annual congresses of the German Social-Democratic Party are always events in our political year. What the party of over four million voters thinks and proposes, how it develops materially, and in political feeling, is a matter of consequence for the politician, to whatever party he may belong. Even the reactionary papers, who affect to disdain the "party of demagogues," are compelled to deal with its deliberations.

On two questions of significance, the Left or Radical wing of the party suffered signal defeats. On the question of a general strike, 335 members against 142 voted with the executive of the party for a resolution which accepts the idea of such a strike as a means in extreme cases for the enforcing of overdue reforms, but postpones its realisation to more propitious times. The counter-resolution aimed at a thorough propaganda of the general strike, and of keeping its idea thoroughly alive in the minds of the workers. And in regard to the policy of taxation, a motion permitting representatives of the party to vote taxes on fortunes, profits, rents, and interest, even for purposes which it opposes, provided that their vote does not bring this particular expenditure about, was, after a heated debate, accepted by a majority of 336 against 140 members.

This latter division was caused by the attitude of the Social-Democratic group of the Reichstag on the question of the taxes for the enormous new increase of the army. The group, as is known, had voted the extra contribution or "levy" of one milliard of marks on fortunes and large incomes, and the taxes on increments of fortunes. A great majority had already been secured for the army bill, and the only question to be decided was in what way the revenue for it should be raised. Not to vote these taxes would, in the eyes of the group (or its majority), under the circumstances only have meant opposition to burdening the wealthy with the expenditure for the army. Besides, in a joint manifesto of the Social-Democratic group of the Reichstag and the Socialist group of the French Chambre des Députés, published on March 1st, 1913, it was already decided that if their opposition to the increases of their respective armies did not succeed, each of the two would in its respective country do its best to make the capitalists, as the class from which the Imperialists were drawn, pay alone the cost. Hence, in voting those taxes, the group desired to carry out the compact made with the French Socialists. And, thirdly, it was thought that by vetoing those taxes the Socialists would minimise or obscure the victory of their propaganda. REGARD for the four million Socialist votes and fear of their increase were, in fact, the main reason why the Imperial Government and the majority of the middle-class parties refrained from levying new taxes on the food and the small luxuries of the masses.

To this view and policy, a minority of members of the Parliamentary group have taken exception. In their eyes, a Socialist must only vote taxes due to justifiable expenditure, for purposes approved by them, or if their rejection meant a worse form of taxation. Obviously one need not be a revolutionary extremist to take this view. Your correspondent at any rate shared it, though

otherwise a decided revisionist. Particularly the vote of the extra milliard of marks for military barracks, guns, and outfitting appeared to him objectionable, since it had received the stamp of a great patriotic donation on the part of the middle-classes, and had been hailed by all the Jingo sections of the community as a nationalist manifestation. But others combined opposition in this particular case with more or less impossibilist arguments, and, outvoted in the Parliamentary group, carried the agitation into the local sections of the party, where they obtained a number of votes censuring the Parliamentary majority. But a larger number of sections took sides with the majority, and a still larger number refrained from expressing an opinion, and waited to see what the congress of the party would say.

This was the form, therefore, in which the question came before the latter body. The Extreme or Radical wing of the party accused the majority of the Parliamentary group of short-sighted and faint-hearted opportunism. And they made the mistake of giving a vote on a resolution on taxation and supply the character of a test vote of rigid Socialistic Radicalism as against opportunist and revisionist Socialism.

As regards principles of taxation, the resolution, as explained by Herr Wurm, differed only in language from the principles of the British Radical Financial Reformers. It condemned all taxes on wages, on articles of general consumption, and on transport and conveyance, favored the voting of taxes on fortunes, &c., when such action did not make bad laws possible, and permitted Socialists in the States and the Empire to vote for supply in cases where rejection would mean a worse alternative. Although it was quite possible to accept this resolution, and yet declare the voting of the new taxation unjustified, the stalwarts of the Congress resolved to oppose it by amendments which would have deprived Socialist representatives of the conditional freedom it allows. The result was that the Congress on a division decided against them.

It would be premature to see in these two divisions a deliberate reversion to a revisionist policy. Considerations quite different from the principles of revisionism had much to do with these votes. A practical opportunism, thoroughly compatible with very revolutionary intentions, influenced not a few of those who voted for those two resolutions. Thorough revisionists would certainly ask for more scope in regard to the voting of supply than the mover's resolution gives them. They also want the right to vote supply when the rejection would be of no immediate consequence, provided only that the budget in question embodies political and social reforms demanded by them. The mere fact that August Bebel, in a letter written a few days before his death, and read to the Congress by Herr Molkenbuhr, declared strongly against the Radical Opposition, forbids them to take their defeat as a deliberate decision of this great majority in favor of revisionist ideas.

Yet, things have their consequences whether we intend them or not. If nothing succeeds like success, nothing damages more than a thorough defeat. That the Radical stalwarts have suffered such a defeat, they will hardly conceal from themselves. And what they lose in prestige, revisionism gains. Ten years after the Dresden Congress of 1903, when it seemed as if the revisionists apparently had been mortally wounded, and a resolution condemning revision was accepted against only eleven votes, avowed revisionists like Herren David, Frank, Suedekum, and others were, in the test questions, amongst the spokesmen of the majority, and their speeches met with considerable applause. On the other hand, the popular speakers of the minority evoked from their followers less enthusiasm than at former Congresses.

A scrutiny of the votes of both sides would show that most of the women delegates of the Congress voted for the resolutions and amendments of the Radical Minority. This phenomenon is very easily explained. Excluded from participation in Parliamentary and local government work, women are naturally inclined to regard things not with the eye of the calculating politician, but almost solely in the spirit of the agitator, and this all the

more when they are in the position of that clever woman, Rosa Luxemburg, who knows the workman only from books and meetings, instead of having to deal with him in his union and similar bodies. Organizers of trade unions who know him in this capacity will form quite a different opinion of his disposition towards a general strike, and the effects of a defeat in such a strike on the coherence of the union. And a larger proportion of the delegates than at former Congresses were active trade unionists. This was, *e.g.*, the case with the Berlin delegation, which accounts for the fact that while at former Congresses the Berlin delegates in their great majority voted with the extreme Radicals, the majority of the Berliners were this time amongst their opponents. At the election of the Berlin assistants to the executive of the party, the candidate of the Radicals was beaten by Herr Weer, the candidate of the centre of the party, plus the revisionists, and the same was the case with the election of a new member of the executive itself.

All this points to a process of evolution which may finally end in something like revisionism, whilst it would be precipitate to say already that it will lead there. Much will depend upon the course of the general policy of the Empire and Prussia.

That the increase in the membership of the party has been smaller in the last year than in former years is of little consequence. Nowhere better than in Great Britain, people will understand that the swing of the pendulum cannot always go at the same pace in the same direction. From 530,000, in round figures, the membership of the party has in the five years of 1907 to 1912 grown to 970,000 paying members. To maintain this rate of increase is a physical impossibility. There are not a small number of places where practically nearly all who can be enrolled are already on the lists of the party. For 1913 its membership is 982,850—a small increase against 1912, but larger in the absolute figure—12,800—than any other political party in the Empire can boast of. And even if there was some decrease, what would it mean? There is in no country of the world a political party commanding an organization of a similar strength in numbers and ramification. The rapid gains of recent years had accustomed members to expect an uninterrupted growth. But experienced observers have anticipated a year or two of a certain slackness. Such years have not been lacking in former decades. Then people liked to shout over the "visible decline" of social democracy. To-day no serious politician ventures a similar prophecy.

Let me finally say that Herr Fritz Ebert, the new Chairman of the party, elected in the place of the unique and ever-memorable August Bebel, though unknown to the outside world, enjoys inside the party the reputation of an able and experienced leader, and is also a good, impressive speaker. His election destroys many conjectures of outside journalists on the question as to who would be Bebel's successor. In fact, there will be none who can take his position. The party is too strong and too democratic to stand a personal leader who would assume his authority by force. Bebel's authority was in a high degree the result of his having grown up with the party from its childhood. But for parties as for individuals, the years of childhood never return.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, Idröneberg, September 21st, 1913.

Letters to the Editor.

THE REAL DANGER TO LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The political atmosphere is troubled, but it is easy to magnify out of all proportion the disturbing appearances of the moment (Carsonism and the like), while we forget that Liberalism has to reckon with a certain dark shadow that stretches across its path at most only a few months ahead. The Second Chamber question has to be settled somehow; the settlement of it is a matter vast

enough to give a character and a name to a whole epoch of statesmanship; the settlement will be fateful not only for Liberalism, but for British history—and the Liberal Party marches gaily towards the decisive moment without the slightest notion of what it is going to do in the matter. That strange formula, "Trust Asquith," is now at last going to give to the women, disaffected and out-manceuvred, and to the Labor Party, dished and emasculated, the sweetest revenge that unsuccessful causes could desire. For it is certain that no Second Chamber that Mr. Asquith can propose will be acceptable to English Radicals or to Welsh and Scottish Liberals. The hereditary principle is out of the question. A "superior" Chamber made up of retired Cabinet Ministers, and "prancing pro-consuls" returned from the fringes of the Empire, and leaders of the Churches, and the pick of the Civil Service, is nearly out of the question. The prospect, again, of an Elective Chamber gives us the spectacle of future deadlocks between the two Houses, and all the faults of the written constitution of the United States. And on any scheme whatever there is the overwhelming fear that a Second Chamber, now for the first time made respectable (in a political sense), would be the more harmful in proportion as it was more excellent, for the House of Commons would not be able to assert itself against a constitutionally regenerated body of that kind.

No Second Chamber is conceivable which would not be a direct reversal of all our constitutional progress. If the Cabinet is now formulating plans for such a Chamber, they are preparing an instrument that will thrust the country back under those governing classes from whose grip we were beginning to extricate ourselves. The fact is, the whole Second Chamber notion is a delusion, and the phrase itself is malaprop. The House of Lords never was a Second Chamber. It was once the First Chamber, and gradually throughout the centuries the House of Commons has been taking over its functions. But a Second Chamber—*i.e.*, a revising, modifying, and checking chamber in the Continental sense, we have never had, and it is contrary to the whole genius and history of our politics. It was only after the French Revolution that new Parliamentary constitutions, set up by peoples who were without our historic experience, were accommodated with the invention of a "Second" Chamber to keep the "First" within bounds. To foist this foreign thing on to our evolving indigenous system could be proposed only by Liberals who have lost the very taste of the fruit of progress. But that is what we are threatened with. It is plain that the issue is big enough to split a party from end to end. And if Liberalism has become merely opportunist, with no sense of historic ideals, a lover of progress could wish for no better point of departure for the re-arrangement of party divisions. The Labor Party, at any rate, knows its mind on the question.—Yours, &c.,

W. WHITAKER.

21, Parsonage Road, Withington, Manchester.
September 25th, 1913.

KIDNAPPING BY ORDER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The story told in your article, headed "Kidnapping by Order," is a startling one. But what will occur certainly to lawyers, if not to laymen, is, why has not this Indian mother, who has been forcibly deprived of the custody of her son, applied either to the Courts in India or the Courts in England for protection? I have reason to think that the High Courts in India possess an analogous right to that inherent in the King's Bench here, to issue writs of *habeas corpus* in all cases of illegal confinement of a British subject. But even if this is not so, the young Prince, as I understand from your article, has now been brought to England, and there can therefore be no doubt as to the jurisdiction of the King's Bench to deal with the case. Surely the friends of the Dowager Begum of Junagadh must have suggested to her this remedy! If the facts be as you have stated them, I do not know what answer there could be to the application for a writ of *habeas corpus* in this country, for this writ is of such a high character that the action alike of the Crown and the highest officials is liable to be controlled by it.—Yours, &c.,

JURIS CONSULTUS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am glad to see you championing the cause of the widow of the late Chief of the Junagadh State. Possibly, the Governments of Bombay and India are right in thinking the educational atmosphere in England would be more wholesome for the young Prince than it would be in Junagadh under an English tutor; but the question is debatable, and in any case their decision offers no moral justification for whisking the boy off to England against the terribly piteous appeal of his mother to allow him to remain at home. This event, for which the Government of India is equally responsible with the Government of Bombay, is one of several occurring recently, which compels the question—Have we lost the capacity to govern India well? And all over that lack of sympathy, for which our present King pleaded so earnestly and very wisely, during his tour in India as Prince of Wales! The preceding affair is the extraordinary unsympathetic action of the Government of the United Province in regard to the demolition of a portion of a mosque, or, which comes to the same thing, an outbuilding of a mosque, for the sake of the desired alignment of a road—surely a matter of mighty small consequence compared with the alienation of the friendly feelings of the Mohammedan population, whether the effect is local or widespread, as a well-informed correspondent of the Press affirms. Unwisdom is not the word for such use of Governmental power. Time and again such exercise of power has caused bloodshed, and, in certain parts of India, would do the same to-morrow, and we can safely say that, even where no blood is shed, it always spreads silently much bitterness towards the white men. Why ride roughshod over the very deepest religious feelings of a people we rule? Yet that is what has been done in both these cases. We, who are not religious in the sense that are those whose co-religionists die with delight to avenge what in their eyes is an insult to their faith, may not appreciate fully Sir James Meston's decision in the matter of the Cawnpore mosque. Perhaps we are lacking in the imagination which brings us into sympathy with other races whose religious feelings are so very different from our own. It may be asked, where is the insult to the religion?—Ah, well! that's just where the ignorance, and therefore lack of sympathy, comes in.—Yours, &c.,

OLD HAND.

September 24th, 1913.

THE COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I observe that Sir Harry Poland, in the "Times," of August 30th, advocated that the Judges of the Court of Criminal Appeal should have the power of ordering new trials of those prisoners whose convictions have been quashed, not on meritorious, but on merely technical grounds. Undoubtedly, much can be said in favor of such an amendment; but that there is another side to the question will be seen by a narration of some circumstances connected with the trial and conviction of one Stephen Norton.

The following is an approximately correct summary of the steps in the procedure in that singular case. The case was a bad one of alleged rape and wounding of a girl of tender years. It was certainly a crime for which the Crown would have been justified in taking special means to secure a conviction of the guilty man. Stephen Norton was tried at the Leeds Assizes, in the first instance, by that humane and careful judge, the late Sir Joseph Walton. The jury disagreed; the dissenting jurymen stating to the judge the grounds for their doubts. It should be remembered that a prisoner in this class of case is always seriously prejudiced by the odious character of the offence with which he is charged; juries are not prone to hesitate on small matters of doubt. However, after hearing the dissentient members of the jury, Sir Joseph Walton said he appreciated their scruples, and discharged them. The case stood over till the next Assizes, the prisoner remaining in custody. The next judge was Mr. Justice Scrutton, whose peculiarities have been recently dealt with so effectively by the Commercial Court practitioners that I need not comment upon them. Mr. Justice Scrutton secured a conviction, and the Court of Criminal Appeal quashed that conviction on the ground of misdirection. Most laymen reading Sir Harry Poland's letter would imagine that Stephen Norton would depart a free man. Not

so; as, since the Criminal Appeal Act has been in force, there has grown up a practice (of most questionable legality) of duplicating the counts and charges in the indictment, and multiplying the indictments; so that it is quite common for prosecuting counsel to state that they propose to leave indictments on the file, "in case anything should happen elsewhere which would result in the conviction being set aside." Stephen Norton was again tried, this time on the charge of unlawful wounding. His counsel took the plea of *autrefois acquit*. That is a plea, triable by judge and jury, that the prisoner had already been tried for the offence to which he was called upon to plead, and could not be again tried. It is a supposed maxim of English law that no man can be tried twice for the same offence. This plea is a question of law for the jury; almost the only question of law which is decided by verdict of the jury. In practice, the jury acts upon the definite direction of the judge, not upon its own view, as no evidence is called in such a case. Mr. Justice Coleridge (who had been a member of the Court of Criminal Appeal which had quashed the conviction and directed the trial on the second count) was the third judge who tried the case on Assizes. Under the circumstances it is hardly surprising that he brushed aside the plea of *autrefois acquit*, telling the jury that, in his view, the man had not been tried for unlawful wounding; though there could be no doubt that the same man had done the unlawful wounding as had committed the rape. The plea of *autrefois acquit* having been overruled, Stephen Norton was tried on the facts, convicted, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. He had not much chance of an impartial hearing, because he was tried by the same jury as had considered the arguments on the plea of *autrefois acquit*, which meant that the jury were aware that the man had been already convicted. He again appealed to the Court of Criminal Appeal; but the Appeal was dismissed. These events happened between 1909 and 1910. Stephen Norton has now served three years' penal servitude, in addition to many months' imprisonment before final adjudication. I attended several of these trials, and read the shorthand notes of the first trial, with the result that my mind is in a complete state of doubt as to whether the man had anything to do with the crime. He was a young miner; and though one hears much of the wealth of miners, I doubt whether his funds outlasted the early stages of this legal battle. He was severely handicapped on his final trial, before Mr. Justice Coleridge, by the fact that he had been in prison eighteen months, as his acquittal would depend upon the view the jury took of his demeanor in the witness-box and in the dock. I venture, respectfully, to suggest that the history of this case amounts to nothing less than a public scandal.

The objection to permitting the judges of the Court of Criminal Appeal the power of ordering a new trial is that the second trial would never be a fair trial, as it would leak out that the man had already been tried and convicted, which would most adversely affect the mind of the jury against the prisoner. A prisoner might be ruined in costs; because the Poor Prisoner's Defence Act is practically a dead letter. In any case, he would be gravely weakened on his second trial by the expenditure on his defence in the first trial.

It is time some further consideration was given by Parliament to the administration of the Criminal Appeal Act. For instance, Sub-Section 3 of Section 4 reads: "On an appeal, against sentence, the Court of Criminal Appeal shall, if they think that a different sentence should have been passed, quash the sentence passed at the trial, and pass such other sentence warranted in law by the verdict (whether more or less severe) in substitution therefor as they think ought to be passed." That section is quite unambiguous; but the judges have introduced into it a limitation which almost nullifies it. The judges have decided that, although not one of them would have passed the sentence imposed by the trial judge, they will not reduce the sentence unless the trial judge has gone wrong "in principle," whatever that may mean. It is a poor consolation to a prisoner to know that the judges of the Court of Criminal Appeal think that, instead of a sentence of five years' penal servitude, he should only have been sentenced to three years; but, as the sentence is not wrong "in principle," it will not be interfered with! The judges, by this procedure, have reversed the expressed intention of Parliament.

One defect in the constitution of the Court of Criminal Appeal was in forming it of the same class of High Court Judges as those engaged in trying prisoners on the Assizes. On the civil side the Appeal Court Judges are described as Lords Justices, and have a higher status than the judges from whom appeals are brought. To have a judge sitting on appeal from his own decision, as is frequently the case in the Criminal Appeal Court, must be very embarrassing to counsel who may have to contend that the judge exhibited such bias that the jury never had their minds brought to the real defence. A Criminal Court of Appeal, which was a division of the Civil Court of Appeal, would avoid this unedifying spectacle, and would lead to more public confidence in the administration of criminal justice. It may be said that such judges might not have much experience of criminal causes; to which I might point out that the present House of Lords, in its judicial aspect one of the strongest ever known, has a majority of members who have not been Judges of First Instance. Lord Haldane, Lord Loreburn, Lord Halsbury, Lord Shaw, and Lord Moulton have never sat in Courts of First Instance.

The last matter is in a different category, but raises some of the widest questions of jurisprudence. In a case of *Rex v. Local Government Board*, argued in the Court of Appeal for four days, and in which judgment has been reserved, Lord Justice Hamilton revealed a piece of practice which will come as a shock to many people. He stated that, under Rule 15, it was within the power of the Court of Criminal Appeal to direct the Registrar to request the trial judge "to furnish him with a report, in writing, giving his opinion upon the case, generally, or upon any point arising upon the case of the appellant." The learned Lord Justice proceeded: "In the whole of my experience I have never known a case in which that report was communicated to any person except to the members of the Court." Mr. Upjohn, who was contending in the particular case that for a tribunal, purporting to exercise judicial functions, to decide against one party upon material which that party had not seen, and had had no opportunity of displacing by argument, was contrary to natural justice, doubted whether this was a valid rule, stating he would argue, should the case arise, that "it was *ultra vires*." It is a curious situation that a rule of this far-reaching importance, drawn up by the King's Bench Judges, should be open to question in this way. Yet, there cannot be a doubt that the idea that the judges of the Court of Criminal Appeal may have their minds influenced by the malicious statement of some chairman or deputy-chairman of Quarter Sessions, or the honest error of a High Court Judge, which cannot be displaced by a prisoner's counsel, as he has no knowledge of the contents of the report in which such erroneous or malicious matter may appear, is repugnant to every principle of that fairness which is assumed to be the special glory of English jurisprudence.

I must apologise for troubling you at such length; but I trust that the points raised in this letter are of sufficient general importance to merit consideration in any proposed amendments of the Act now under discussion.—Yours, &c.,

C. H. NORMAN.

Ravenscar, Yorkshire.

THE LAND INQUIRY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The forecast of the Committee's report on Rural Land is a very interesting, but a very disappointing, document. Some of the most important questions do not seem to have been even considered, e.g., "Do our existing land laws and tenures tend to make the soil of England as productive as possible?" or "How is it that we see on all sides the land crying out for labor and labor looking for land, and yet the two seem unable to come together?"

The present situation with regard to landholders—and to land-withholders also—is summed up in the report thus: "Bad" landlordism was almost synonymous with "hard-up" landlordism, and if this is a fair sample of the intelligence and perspicacity of the Committee I fear their report, when it appears, will prove to be misleading rather than enlightening. From the point of view of the nation the best landlords are those who encourage the workers to obtain as much wealth as possible from the land, and the worst are those who decline to allow "their" land to be put to its best use.

Now one of the most striking developments of modern times is that our rural land is more and more held by men who are comparatively indifferent as to what it may return them in cash. It is not only that it matters nothing to the Dukes of Westminster and Portland and Bedford, and to hundreds of our other city-owners, what their rural estates may bring in, but even the small areas of country land are now mostly in the hands of rich men. The rural land of England is a luxury. It is held for pleasure, for purposes of social influence, and, above all, for sport. Every census tells the same tale of more and more land going out of cultivation. Much of the best land of the country is kept in old, worn-out, "permanent pastures." Lord Rothschild has now practically the whole of the great Tring estates down in grass. The census of 1911 shows the increasing desolation of Scotland—the deer-forests extending as rapidly as ever, while the pick of the young men are being driven, in increasing numbers, across the seas. On great estates within thirty miles of London, cottages have been pulled down during the last few years because "too many people about disturb the pheasants."

The Committee point out that some rural land only returns 2 per cent. per annum; but whose fault is that? I know a small farmer who keeps a few cattle and sheep on worn-out pasture land. He is an energetic man and would like to put it to the plough, but it is so thick with pheasants and ground game that it would be useless to attempt to grow any crop. When he was grumbling to me, I said, "Well, I suppose your rent is low," and he replied, "Oh yes; but I'd rather pay two or three times as much if I might kill off the game and farm it properly."

It is the rich landlord, not the "hard-up" one, who is the worst curse of the country, and nothing but a good stiff tax on land-values will have any effect upon him. We import something like three-quarters of our food supply, and it could be grown in this country two or three times over if the land were allowed to be carefully cultivated. (See Kropotkin's little book, "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," for details.) This dependence on food from abroad is always a risky thing, and is, of course, the main excuse for our enormous naval expenditure, but there is not much hope of reform for us if our promised "Land Campaign" is to be based on the report of this Land Inquiry Committee. Nothing less than radical changes in our Land Laws, and also in our basis of taxation, will have the desired effect.—Yours, &c.,

E. M.

Hale, Cheshire.

CONCERNING THE LIBRARY CENSOR.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*

SIR,—The "Library Censor" (if one may thus personify that abstract quantity, the Censorship of the Library Association) has caused disappointment to many by placing Mr. W. B. Maxwell's latest novel under the Library ban. Those who wished to read the "Devil's Garden," and dare not do so because it is banned, are disappointed; those who (like myself) demanded it aggressively from Mudie, and expected to have difficulty and angry correspondence with that firm before obtaining it, are disappointed too—for we receive the book at once; and those who hurried out and bought it in the hope of finding bright, salacious matter are the most disappointed of all. Everybody is trying to discover why the "Devil's Garden" should have been banned, but we can find no adequate reason. A Continental friend of mine, who is closely interested in English life—Yanek Przemyslov, the Ruthenian philosopher—has suggested the following solution.

The Library Censor, with the vagueness proper to a personified abstraction, lets it be implied that he thought the book not suitable for general circulation upon grounds of morality. And all we English readers and reviewers of to-day are so obsessed with one special aspect of life that we restrict the ample significance of the word "morality" to sex-relationship merely. Learning that a book is held unfit for the general public on moral grounds, we at once assume that it deals too frankly, or uncritically, or indvidiously with the experiences of sex for general perusal.

Can this be the case with the "Devil's Garden"? I must leave the detailed defence of Mr. Maxwell's book to

abler pens than mine. Will readers of the same merely ask themselves: First, whether the author refers to sex licence in a critical or in an encouraging spirit? and, secondly, whether the "Devil's Garden" exceeds the bounds allowed to Mr. Maxwell in previous books, and to his fellow-writers of the present hour? I think both answers will be in the negative. If so, the grounds for a Library ban are further to seek.

A novel unfit for wide circulation in the lending library sense means, simply, one that upsets the person of average views, and makes him say: "Really, Mudie" (or Smith, or the "Times," or Boots) "ought not to send out such books." And, conceivably, this person may have prejudices and susceptibilities upon other than "moral" or sex questions—strange, deep, half-realised prejudices, liable to be jarred by free and critical speech.

Those who grew up in the tolerant Agnosticism of late Victorian days sometimes forget that, to the generation before us, and (I fear) to the rising generation now, theology is a delicate and important thing. Our fathers and grandfathers were frankly shocked when Matthew Arnold described the Persons of the Anglican Trinity as "the Three Lord Shaftesburys"; and it may be that some of our descendants feel a shock too, if the jest is repeated. Both these generations are using the lending libraries to-day, as well as our enlightened selves; and if they are shocked, upon grounds "moral" or theological, by the books that they hire, the business of the libraries will suffer.

Since "The Devil's Garden" appears, by the general standard which the libraries have set for themselves, to be unimpeachable "morally"—does it, perhaps, transgress their limits theologically?

On pp. 389-390 there is a vision of the Council of the Trinity, conceived strictly in the spirit of popular Anglican theology, and described after the manner of Matthew Arnold. Dale, the hero of the book, imagines how the Persons of the Trinity sit in judgment together upon the fate of his soul. The passage is a little masterpiece of skill and pathos; true to the simple, theological, but hardly religious mind of the man who sees the vision—pathetic in showing how Dale's innate perception of the Human God, of Christ as Prometheus, the friend of man, struggles in the bonds of a scientific theology inherited from barbarous times. It is worthy to stand beside another remarkable passage in an earlier novel of Mr. Maxwell's—the vision of the philosopher's brain in the "Guarded Flame." But to many a reader these pages will seem startling, irreverent, and even dangerous, through their unexpected presence in a book that he and others take up for relaxation.

Now the Library censor probably knows more about the average novel-reader than Mr. Maxwell, or even the writers in THE NATION, can do. Our personified abstraction keeps a finger on the pulse of the brain of the public—if you will allow so reckless a simile—and business no less than interest obliges him to keep in closest touch with the public mood. If our hypothesis be true, the circulation of Mr. Maxwell's novel must be restricted lest readers be jarred in their theological prejudices; but it is clearly impossible for the Library Association to hint that they are banning it on theological grounds. I imagine them reaping the whirlwind of controversy that would arise! So the ban goes forth in strictly indefinite terms; and the unfortunate author of a fine and serious book is invested with the last kind of reputation that he would desire.

Presumably nothing can be done. Readers and reviewers, we are all partly to blame for our hurried reading and hasty interpretation of the Library ban. Doubtless it arises from our curiously predominant interest in sex-matters at the present time; and the worst and the best one could say of this would be it is an interest of thought rather than deed.—Yours, &c.,

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

September 25th, 1913.

COUNT VOINOVITCH AND MONTENEGRO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Count Voinovitch's letter in your issue of September 6th has entirely failed to prove his point.

(1) He will not, he says, enter into a discussion with

me because he has already expressed his "opinion" in the "Times." His "opinion" was that no acts of cruelty had been committed in the late war by Montenegro. My reply was that I had myself seen the living, mutilated victims of the Montenegrins, and that I had been told of many other cases by the Montenegrin soldiers. He brings no counter-evidence. He prefers not to discuss the question further. No one is surprised.

The facts were doubtless a shock to him, as, till the war began, he had not been in Montenegro for some ten years. When hired to represent that country, he spent a large part of the time in London as a delegate, and was doubtless ignorant of what was going on.

But the civilised world has had more than sufficient evidence of the manner in which all the Balkan Allies reverted to primitive savagery during the war. I will spare you further details of atrocities.

(2) To continue, Count Voinovitch says: "Give me a line of a man, and I will hang him with it." Here, I fear, I cannot oblige him. I have no notion what "a line of a man" may be. Tailors and dressmakers, I believe, cultivate "la ligne," and individuals are occasionally "with good capon lined" (*vide* Shakespeare); but none of these things will assist the Count to commit an atrocity.

(3) When he calls for historic evidence that Montenegrins and Serbs are not fit justly to govern alien races—especially those who are not of the Orthodox faith—we are on easier ground. It is unkind of him to say I have "persistently ignored the elements which go to make history." He has never before asked me for them.

He says "it is by the study of Serb history of past centuries . . . that one arrives at a just view of Balkan matters," thereby showing that he is aware of the very doubtful character of present Balkan history, the plots, intrigues, and atrocities which he prefers not to discuss. Very well.

As for the past—history shows the Serbs to have been a brave, imaginative, and patriotic people. That it has at any time shown them as capable of ruling justly over a subject people, I have failed to discover.

Far away from all reference books, I can only give dates approximately. But from the early days when the Serbs first entered the Balkan peninsula, we find them constantly using repressive and coercive measures, with a view, it would appear, to destroying the nationality of the original inhabitants of the soil.

The Albanians were converted to Christianity some centuries earlier than the Serbs, and depended upon Rome. Scutari was the seat of a bishop as early as the fourth century. The bulk of the Serbs were pagan till the ninth and became attached to the Eastern or Orthodox Church.

We, accordingly, find that, in the fourteenth century, when the Catholic North Albanians had fallen under Serb rule, they appealed for foreign assistance to force King Milutin (one of the Nemanja line) to recognise their religious rights.

Later, the celebrated Servian Tsar, Stefan Dushan, issued his well-known code of laws (about 1340), and in these there are several directed most fiercely against the Roman Catholics. The death penalty, so far as I recollect, was freely applied. (See Ami Boué's "Turquie et Europe.") As the bulk of the Tsar's Roman Catholic subjects must have been Albanians, it does not speak highly for the treatment of the subject race in the "good old days." Count Voinovitch may retort that in those days other people, too, indulged in religious persecution.

But it was he—not I—that wished the present to be judged by the past. The non-success of Serbia's methods are clearly shown by the fact that the great Serb Empire fell rapidly to pieces after Dushan's death; each subject race breaking off as fast as possible. And the hatreds have existed till this day.

A later example of "civilising" occurred in Montenegro in the seventeenth century. The Montenegrins, to avenge the fact that their Vladika had been captured and put up to ransom on Turkish territory, made a house-to-house visitation on a certain Christmas Eve, and slaughtered every Moslem in Montenegro, save such as bought their lives by submitting to baptism. Perhaps Count Voinovitch approves the fact that this historic episode has been recently repeated near Djakova and Gusinja.

To make a desert and call it peace is not a method that can be commended. But of this we have later examples. The first time (in 1902, I think) that I visited Nikshitch in Montenegro I was struck by the fact that there were scarcely any non-Montenegrin inhabitants. I was told on inquiry: "I am afraid we did not act very justly. We drove them out. It was called, 'buying the land.' But they had to take what was offered, however little—and go." I have heard the same of Podgoritz and Kolashin. And I have come across whole villages of these evicted persons during my numerous journeys. They were Moslem mostly.

By some means or other the Albanian population was immensely reduced also in the districts annexed by the Serbs under the Treaty of Berlin. And, I believe, no Albanian school exists in Servia.

As for Montenegro, it then annexed, in addition to Moslems, a large number of Catholic Albanians, and Count Voinovitch cannot point out one single Albanian school that has been provided for them. Nor have they been permitted to make one themselves. Forcible Slavising has been the policy. In some places the people have even been forced to adopt Montenegrin costume. Such as can afford have been in the habit of sending their children to school in Scutari. In the thirty-five years of annexation, Montenegro has built up not friendship, but race hatred, with her Albanian subjects.

No, let the Serb people develop Serb lands. There I wish them very well. I cannot say that their record leads one to wish to submit an alien race to their rule—or, indeed, to the rule of any of the late Allies.

As for the Count's remark, that "Montenegro had the Parliamentary system before many other States in Europe," it must be a slip. He is doubtless aware that the Constitution dates only from 1905. And that the "Parliament" is under the entire control of the King. At least, so its members have told me.

That the Serbs in the past helped to keep back the Turks from Europe is a fact greatly to their credit. But it is obvious that had the Serbs not incurred the hatred of all their subject peoples the Turks would have had very much greater difficulty in penetrating Europe—might, indeed, have failed to do so. In any case, I fail to see that the fact that they did fight the Turks gallantly in the past gives them the right to Slavise and exterminate Albanians now.

Count Voinovitch's arguments are apt to become mixed. Perhaps for this reason he failed to convince the Ambassadors' Conference in London. I understand his disappointment, for it was currently reported in Montenegro, and in his native town, Ragusa, that his reward was to be the Governorship of Scutari.

Let him, however, take courage and devote his energies to spreading peace, culture, and liberty in one of the numerous districts recently acquired by Montenegro, and make the future record of Serb rule a better one than the past.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. DURHAM.

Scutari and Albania,
September 14th, 1913.

HOME RULE AND A GENERAL ELECTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I see that the Radical-Nationalist Government intend to dissolve Parliament *after* Home Rule has received the Royal Assent in 1914, under the Parliament Act of 1911. If the new House of Commons contains a majority for the present Government, the course will be clear, and the Ulstermen will be forced to submit to Home Rule, no matter how unjust or tyrannical it may be. But if the Unionists gain a majority, small or great, they will have the power to repeal Home Rule, and everything which has been passed by means of the Parliament Act.

It is unusual for a new Government to repeal the Acts of their predecessors, but the special circumstances would more than justify any such course. The reform of the House of Lords would follow, and the provision of a means of settling future differences between the Houses. No reform of the House of Lords suggested by the Radicals would prove satisfactory. Probably they would desire a Senate elected by the same persons as the House of Commons, and for a longer period of time.

The electors may be confident that Tariff Reform will not be forced on them if they return the Unionists to power.—Yours, &c.,

J. K. C. STRAIN.

4, Sandford Road, Ranelagh, Dublin.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN'S LETTERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you kindly insert for me in your columns the following request? We are intending to prepare for publication a selection from the letters of my husband, Professor Edward Dowden, and I shall be very grateful to any of his correspondents in the British Isles and elsewhere who could kindly lend me letters suitable for the purpose (of literary, political, or general interest). All letters will be carefully kept, and returned to their owners.—Yours, &c.,

ELIZABETH D. DOWDEN.

Rochdale, Orwell Road, Rathgar, Dublin.
September 24th, 1913.

Poetry.

SEALED.

THE doves call down the long arcades of pine,
The screaming swifts are tiring towards their eaves,
And you are very quiet, O lover of mine.

No foot is on your ploughlands now, the song
Fails and is no more heard among your leaves
That wearied not in praise the whole day long.

I have watched with you till this twilight-fall,
The proud companion of your loveliness;
Have you no word for me, no word at all!

The passion of my thought I have given you,
Striving towards your passion, nevertheless
The clover leaves are deepening to the dew,
And I am still unsatisfied, untaught.

You lie guarded in mystery, you go
Into your night and leave your lover naught.

Would I were Titan with immeasurable thews
To hold you trembling, lover of mine, and know
To the full the secret savor that you use

Now to my tormenting. I would drain
Your beauty to the last sharp glory of it,
You should work mightily through me, blood and brain;

Your heart in my heart's mastery should burn,
And you before my swift and arrogant wit
Should be no longer proudly taciturn.

You should bend back astonished at my kiss,
Your wisdom should be armorer to my pride,
And you, subdued, should yet be glad of this.

The joys of great heroic lovers dead
Should seem but market-gossiping beside
The annunciation of our bridal bed.

And now, my lover earth, I am a leaf,
A wave of light, a bird's note, a blade sprung
Towards the oblivion of the sickled sheaf;

A mere mote driven against your royal ease,
A tattered eager traveller among
The myriads beating on your sanctuaries.

I have no strength to crush you to my will,
Your beauty is invulnerably zoned,
Yet I, your undefeated lover still,

Exulting in your sap, am clear of shame,
And biding with you patiently am throned
Above the flight of desolation's aim.

You may be mute, bestow no recompense
On all the thriftless leaguers of my soul—
I am at your gates, O lover of mine! and thence
Will I not turn for any scorn you send,
Rebuked, bemused, yet is my purpose whole,
I shall be striving towards you till the end.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Golden Bough." Part VI.—"The Scapegoat." Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. By J. G. Frazer. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)
- "From Naval Cadet to Admiral." By Admiral Sir Robert Hastings Harris. (Cassell. 12s. net.)
- "Collected Poems." By A. E. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)
- "Harriet Hooper: Letters and Memories." Edited by Cornelia Carr. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "The Mounted Police of Natal." By H. P. Holt. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Gathering Storm: Being Studies in Social and Economic Tendencies." By "A. Rifleman." (Lane. 5s. net.)
- "The Panama Gateway." By J. B. Bishop. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "A Leisurely Tour in England." By J. J. Hissey. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)
- "Travels Without Baedeker." By A. Beaman. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Fairies Here and Now." By S. R. Littlewood. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "Subsoil." By Charles Marriott. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)
- "Marie-Antoinette, Fersen, et Barnave: Leur Correspondance." Par O. G. de Heidenstam. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)
- "Claude Debussy et son Œuvre." Par Daniel Chennedière. (Paris: Durand. 2fr.)
- "Souvenirs de l'Invasion et du Siège de Paris." Par Charles Maciet. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)
- "Das bische Erde." Roman. Von Richard Skowronnek. (Stuttgart: Engelhorn. M. 4.)

SOME interesting journalistic ventures are to be made during the present autumn. We understand that Messrs. Dent are so pleased with the success of "Everyman" that they are contemplating a sixpenny monthly magazine which will be mainly literary in character. Then there is the penny weekly review of politics and literature which it has been announced is to be conducted by Mr. Austin Harrison and Mr. F. Chalmers Dixon. Lastly, there is "War and Peace," described as "a Norman Angell Monthly," the first list of contributors to which includes Mr. Norman Angell, Lord Loreburn, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Professor Hobhouse, Mr. G. P. Gooch, Mr. Alfred Noyes, and Mr. F. W. Hirst.

It is not surprising that a biographer in search of an attractive subject should find it in the strange career of Lady Hester Stanhope, but the appearance of two books about her during the same publishing season is an odd coincidence. Some weeks ago we announced that fresh light upon the reasons that induced Lady Hester to surprise the world by taking up her residence in a deserted convent on Mount Lebanon would be given by "Frank Hamel" in a biography to be published by Messrs. Cassell. We now learn that Mr. Murray is about to issue an edition of the "Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope" which was originally printed privately by her niece, the late Duchess of Cleveland. Anecdotes and conjectures about Lady Hester are abundant in the diaries and journals of the early nineteenth century. Her uncle, William Pitt, whose secretary she was, told her that she was fit to sit between Augustus and Mæcenæ, adding that if she was a man he would send her on the Continent with 60,000 men, and give her *carte blanche* with the certainty that not one of his plans would fail, and not one soldier go with his boots unblacked. Hitherto the best account of Lady Hester's Eastern life is that given by her physician, Dr. Meryon, though there is a description of her in Lamartine's "Voyage en Orient," and a picturesque portrait in Kinglake's "Eothen."

ANOTHER biography which Mr. Murray has in the press treats of a woman of equally firm temper and no less dominating personality than Lady Hester Stanhope. This is Mr. Stuart J. Reid's "Life and Letters of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough," to which the present Duke of Marlborough contributes an introduction. Mr. Reid's book is founded on the unpublished letters and papers at Blenheim. We gather that the fresh material which Mr. Reid employs enables him to give a more favorable view of the Duke and Duchess than that adopted by Swift or Macaulay.

MENTION of Macaulay reminds us that Messrs. Macmillan are about to issue an illustrated edition in six volumes

of the famous "History" under the editorial supervision of Professor C. H. Firth. The project is sure to be welcomed by general readers, for Macaulay is still one of the most popular of historians, and should Professor Firth incorporate the results of later research in his annotations he will add considerably to the debt already due to him in the world of books. How is it, by the way, that none of our contemporary historians have anything like the vogue, not, indeed, of Macaulay, but of Froude or Kinglake or Alison? Perhaps the nearest approach is to be found in two members of Macaulay's family, Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, both of whom have something of his gift for lively and picturesque narration.

"A BEAUTIFUL quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin" was Sir Benjamin Backbite's description of the manner in which he wished his works to be presented to the world. Most book lovers feel that choice or dainty editions are particularly suited to certain books, and few will deny that Mr. F. W. Bain's Indian stories are among the number. Those who can afford to indulge in such tastes will be pleased to learn that these delightful volumes are about to be added to Mr. Lee Warner's "Riccardi Press Books," a series which is a model of how books ought to be produced. "A Digit of the Moon" and "The Descent of the Sun" will be issued this autumn, and the remaining volumes in 1914. Readers who are less fastidious or less able to indulge their tastes will still be able to procure Mr. Bain's writings in the agreeable edition published by Messrs. Methuen.

ONE might have thought that there were no fresh fields to be explored by the compilers of anthologies, but an American lady, Mrs. Crosby Brown, has certainly hit upon a novel plan for her anthology of dedications, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Putnam. It consists of a selection of the forms used by authors to commend their works to the interest of patrons from the earliest days of book making to the present time.

MR. A. L. HUMPHREYS, whose firm is one of the three or four which still combine bookselling with publishing, is about to bring out a biography of Lord North by Mr. Reginald Lucas. It pays special attention to North's attitude towards the American War of Independence and to his brief coalition with Fox towards the close of his career.

UNDER the title of "The Round Table" Messrs. Nisbet are about to publish a collection of essays and reviews by James Russell Lowell, which have never before appeared in book form. Lowell was so fine a critic that even his minor contributions to "The Atlantic Monthly" and "The North American Review" ought to be well worth collecting.

IN Mr. F. S. Marvin's "The Living Past," which Professor Gilbert Murray reviewed in THE NATION a few weeks ago, the books of M. Henri Poincaré are recommended to those who wish to study the history of progress since the French Revolution. A translation of one of these will shortly be published by Messrs. Nelson under the title of "Science and Method." Its subject is modern scientific speculation, and its publishers claim that M. Henri Poincaré, who was a cousin of the French President, was at least as great a philosopher as Bergson and a far greater man of science.

NEW editions of the classics of English fiction will be as numerous as ever during the coming season. Messrs. Blackwood are giving us a George Eliot in seventeen shilling volumes. Messrs. Chapman & Hall have begun the issue of the Universal Edition of the works of Charles Dickens in twenty-two volumes at half-a-crown each. Messrs. Macmillan are republishing Mr. Hugh Thomson's edition of Jane Austen in five three-shilling volumes. And Messrs. A. & C. Black announce a Portrait Edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels in twenty-five volumes at a shilling each. It is interesting to speculate as to what percentage of these reprints of the classics ever gets read; what percentage is given away as presents and prizes; and what percentage is purchased by the simple as ornaments for suburban shelves. It is matter for optimism, however, that the demand for them should be so strong and so constant.

Reviews.

THE SPIRIT OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE.

"Modern Russia." By GREGOR ALEXINSKY. Translated by BERNARD MIALL. (Unwin. 15s. net.)

"With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem." By STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Macmillan. 7s. 6s. net.)

RUSSIA, like woman herself, is, has been, and possibly will always be regarded as an enigma. It was the philosopher Kant who observed that a woman's secret was that she had no secret. Without going so far in the iconoclasm of mystery, M. Alexinsky does more than a little in his "Modern Russia" to reduce this country to the common level of European experience. Unawakened by the Renaissance, by the Reformation, or by the Revolution, Russia did not evade the typical phases of mediæval despotism. Patriotic Russian historians have long differentiated between the Middle Ages of Russia and the Middle Ages of Western Europe, and it was left to a young Russian scholar, who died quite recently, to demonstrate that the "Muscovite period," up to the fifteenth century, did actually reproduce in all its main features the Feudal System of Europe. Again, not only English sentimentalists but the most distinguished Russian realists have seen in the Mir a genuine and national solution of economic problems that continue to baffle the older civilisations. M. Alexinsky, however, maintains that a detailed description of a German commune, in 1800, might be applied, word for word, to the modern rural commune of his country, whose purely national character he dismisses as "one of those 'social myths' which affect not only the profane mind, but even science."

Disillusioned of such myths of the past, the sentimentalist may cling to a naive hope that Russia may yet evade the slavery of the future—capitalism. Here, again, this dispassionate and ruthless inquirer produces ample evidence to prove that there is to be no more escape from the new despotism than there has been from the old. The survival of the past finds expression in the homes of the agricultural peasants, that is to say, in isbas of about the size of an ordinary room. There is no ventilation; and "the air is made even more impure by the admission of a calf, or a lamb, or fowls." Here is a description of the diet of those millions upon whose shoulders the Imperial edifice of Holy Russia is so mercilessly reared:—

"Potatoes are their customary food. Sometimes they add to this a little thin soup or gruel of black rye boiled in water, or a little cabbage. Meat is eaten only on the greater festivals. As for bread, it is an adjunct of the above victuals, but neither a daily nor a plentiful adjunct. In early spring, when the store of potatoes and of money is exhausted, the poorest of the peasants dig up the potatoes of the previous year. Almost rotten, having been left all winter in the earth, they are dried, crushed, and made into tasteless 'bread' which hardens very rapidly."

It is always twilight in the isba, and light is perhaps but little less: "The floor is swept only on great ecclesiastical feast-days. There are no beds, no bed-linen. The family lie on benches, on the stove, or in a loft, covering themselves with their cloaks."

Such are the conditions of Russian village life, but the transplanted moujik gains little more materially from the new ownership of capital. This ignorant, half-starved, wholly unfortunate product of the past servitude is suddenly faced by such logic as this: "Capitalism, by its nature, does not recognise altruism, and completely disowns sentimentalism." This, as the author notes, is the voice of the American business man rather than of the patriarchal Muscovite of our popular imagination. It is a recognised fact that the wages of many municipal laborers in the Russian capital are "so insignificant that they cannot assure the worker of a lodging for the night; he is forced to take refuge in some damp corner or in a night shelter. . . . Such wages, which stand in no relation to the work performed, or to the cost of life in the capital, result in material conditions which destroy the worker's health and exert an evil influence upon his morality."

But Ivan's business is not merely to produce the wealth of Russia, he must be prepared to defend her and to enforce her will by arms. For this purpose he is transferred to unhealthy barracks, and clothed in uniform, only too often

impregnated with the germs of horrible diseases: "The food is often of bad quality and decayed, and its consumption often causes sickness among the troops." Scurvy, that sure test of bad nourishment, is rampant, and the increase of sickness from various causes is becoming more and more significant, even when compared with the low standard of civil life.

That is what Russia makes of the Russians. Is it possible that Russians under such conditions can make Russia really strong in a material sense? M. Alexinsky regards it as impossible, and he examines one by one every section of that imposing shell, the Russian Empire. Far from being mysterious and inexplicable, modern Russia is the result of known causes. Nowhere can the working of cause and effect be seen in more naked perspective. Neither the slave of the village nor the slave of the city can produce the wealth of a free man. Russian finance, then, inevitably suffers from its too-merciless exploitation of human lives. The Russian soldier has proved his cold courage and endurance too often for any doubt to be cast upon them now. But he, too, will be unable to resist for ever insanitary and unhealthy conditions; while the recent war threw a withering searchlight upon the efficiency of his military masters. Now France is admittedly paying for the services of Ivan a premium of £40,000,000 as an insurance against German invasion. But if Russia is straining every nerve to avoid open financial embarrassment in peace, how can she possibly meet, however she may wish to do so, the financial obligations of another war? And yet it is upon this particular exploitation of Ivan at any moment that the whole prestige of Russia may be said to depend.

Ex-serf of the noble, proletarian, soldier of the Tsar, Ivan is also a child of the Orthodox Church. But even from this historic fountain of spiritual life he would seem to draw but little solace, and we hear of hundreds of thousands of peasants withdrawing from the ægis of Orthodoxy. Deprived even of this consolation, it is not surprising that Ivan sometimes endeavors to strike blindly at those impersonal forces that have closed in upon him. Russia in such cases applies a swift remedy: "Arrest as few as possible, and, above all, shoot. . . . Leave persuasion alone, use gunpowder." Is it any wonder that hopelessness hangs heavy upon those who have not become too brutalised by despotism on the one hand, or suffering on the other, to see and feel and comprehend? In this fragment of a letter, written by a student of twenty just before committing suicide, one seems to catch the despairing answer of the Russians to Russia: "To live as I would now, is impossible, and live as it is possible I cannot. . . . I cannot witness atrocities and suffering, cannot hear the complaints and the sobs of the oppressed, and at the same time feel my impotence to solace, however little, this horror that is life. And I am going out of life, for there is nothing to live for."

Such is the impression of the passing Russia conveyed to one by this fearless and lucid reading of the handwriting already on the wall. It is the truth, but behind it there is something else. For it was not without reason that artists so profoundly different from each other as Turgenev and Tolstoy sought to read the moujik's secret. It was not for nothing that Dostoevsky detected in these disinherited millions one at least of the types of the regenerating Russians yet to be. In spite of appearance, the Russians have not been broken by Russia. Mr. Stephen Graham, in his beautiful and remarkable book, "With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem," throws this great truth into vivid perspective. Not for him the "grey days" of Tchekhov or the hoarse challenge of Gorky's exultant moment; not for him the symbol of Andreyev's red laughter, or the yet more subtle and terrible symbol of Garshin's red flower. This Englishman does not dwell upon the Russians' suffering, but upon their immense hope; he is pre-occupied, not by their material poverty, but by their spiritual wealth.

Dostoevsky maintained that because the Russians were the most unspoiled of European nations, they could approach most easily all foreign peoples. And he maintained that the Russian peasants were the Russian people, from whom the intellectuals should never dare to divorce themselves. Regeneration, according to him, was to come from the lowliest spot on earth—the Russian isba. For the Russian peasant, alone perhaps in Europe, could have approached Lucian's Charon beside the Styx and have been instantly allowed to embark. "There was no self-pride," writes Mr. Graham.

"It gave me the idea that after death, when, after life's pilgrimage, the Russians come to the judgment seat, there will be such a feeling of brotherhood and affection that to condemn one and reward another will be an impossibility. Truly, when we love one another, all our sins are forgiven." Mr. Graham describes this pilgrimage, which means as little to the Western tourist as he brings to it, with all the depth of feeling of the Russian peasants with whom he had become one. Scenes that have been vulgarised by guide-books, leap back at his touch into the old sacred life. But what is even more interesting than this, is his profound insight into the psychology of the Russian people.

In "Crime and Punishment," Sonia, questioned by the rebel against spiritual life, whom she, the sombre prostitute, was afterwards to redeem, utters these strange words: "What should I be without God?" The Russian who cannot condemn his fellow-man to isolation, cannot believe that he is veritably cut off from the God to whom, even while he sins, he feels himself so close. Mr. Graham has admirably interpreted this national *naïveté*. "Breaking the commandments means for the Protestant breaking with God until repentance; but for the Russian peasant there is no such feeling of breaking with God. The drunkard, the thief, and the murderer are as intimate with God as the just man; and perhaps even more intimate." At the approach of Holy Week there were many patients in the hospital, and the Russian peasants implored the doctor to allow them to get up. "You are not in a fit state," he would reply. Then came instinctively the national answer to the misery of life: "A fit state, a fit state! What does it matter to us or to God whether our bodies are well? Write, write, write! God 'll pardon you for saying we are well." No, the Russians have not been broken by Russia.

THE REAL TRAGEDY OF HAMLET.

"Shakespeare's Hamlet: A New Commentary. With a Chapter on First Principles." By WILBRAHAM FITZ-JOHN TRENCH. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)

"If this book is not written in vain, one point which it will have made clear is that impressionism will not suffice for the criticism of the greatest plays." If Mr. Trench has too much protested against the haste of previous commentators, he has at least followed his own precepts, and has searched diligently for a meaning to every line of Shakespeare's play. And if he has been over-subtle, he has, at any rate, not been niggling. He is interested not in verbal dexterities, but in the evidences of character. We may not agree with him—and, indeed, we cannot agree with him—when he says that "the ancient dramatists were not classical enough for Shakespeare," that Shakespeare represents the perfect balance between the freedom of the romantic temperament and the restraint of the classicist, and that "by the time that he wrote 'Hamlet' . . . he had learned all that there was to learn about plot-structure." But this is Mr. Trench's view. We observe that it is rather his hypothesis than the proposition he proposes to prove. And as an hypothesis it has merits for the commentator. It means that he must set himself an exacting standard of interpretation. That if he is puzzled by passages in the play he cannot fall back on the mistakes and inconsistencies of Shakespeare, but is ready to admit that the commentator may be at fault. In other words, if there is any possible way by which the persons or the action in "Hamlet" may be made to explain themselves, that way must be diligently sought for on the supposition that the writer of the text not only meant what he wrote, but meant something by every word that he wrote.

And that is the only satisfactory method of getting the most out of a play so pregnant as "Hamlet," to which there are so few stage directions, the hints of which have been left for different generations to understand in so many different ways. No one will question Mr. Trench's assertion that "character, with its outcome, destiny, is Shakespeare's great concern," and that the "incidents that make up a story are but accidents, and count for naught, save, as they relate to character." But it is a much larger act of faith to take it that the dramatist so individually and perfectly realised or lived through each one of the characters in "Hamlet," that not one of them at any time was capable of speaking out

of the part or out of the real life which Shakespeare breathed into them. Following this hypothesis, it is natural that he should attain more original results in examining the minor persons in the play than in considering the central character which for all readers has engaged principal attention, and on the stage has, in the impersonation of the chief player, dwarfed all the others. Thus he has given us interesting sketches of Horatio, Laertes, and, to a lesser extent, of King Claudius. We are surprised that he has made little out of that very important "tedious old fool," Polonius, and has not observed that this man, who is regarded as a victim of Hamlet's "homicidal mania," had first estranged Ophelia from Hamlet, and had been the first to accuse him of madness. But he is particularly interesting, if not convincing, in his comments upon Ophelia, whom Hamlet abuses for her use of cosmetics (as implied in "beautified"), and at whom Shakespeare himself is mocking. None but a designedly obtuse Ophelia, it seems, could have thought of Hamlet as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form"—just such an Ophelia, in fact, as would have proved useless to the lonely Hamlet when in lover's garb he sought her sympathy. And in like manner, in the last speech of the play, he perceives irony in the words of Fortinbras, when he says:—

"Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally."

The interpretations of the lesser characters do, in fact, depend in a very necessary way upon the interpretation of Hamlet himself, and here it is only in part that we can follow Mr. Trench. We, of course, agree with him as to the irresolution of Hamlet, his perpetual failure to seize the right moment for action, and rather to deliberate, preach, moralise; preferring now to pick up a book and read, now to write a play, now to lecture his mother, rather than to brace himself at once to the killing of the King. This, evidently enough, is part of the tragedy, the failure of the idealist, the intellectualist, to meet the unwonted necessity of critical action. But the tragedy suffers irremediable loss if the whole fault is ascribed to Hamlet's defect of will. "Hamlet," says Mr. Trench, "before ever he got the ghost's revelation, was disposed to let himself go—he was, therefore, predisposed to insanity." He emphasises this perpetual "letting himself go." At the very first he was ready to regard life as "flat and unprofitable"; he was anxious to indulge in "words, words, words," when his will should have prompted him to action; he indulged his "antic disposition" in and out of season; he killed Polonius, not, as he afterwards pretended, believing him to be the King, but in a fit of homicidal mania, which was succeeded not by remorse but a moral lecture. In the end, he so bungled his revenge as to cause the bloody slaughter of eight persons, including himself.

We are, in fact, asked to suppose that Hamlet is Shakespeare's butt rather than a tragic hero in whom sensibility and weakness are mingled; that it is into the mouth of a madman he has put more wisdom than he ever spoke through any other person—the man who, answering the words of Polonius: "I will use them (the players) according to their desert," said, with the essential Shakespearean spirit: "God's bodikin, man, much better. . . . Use them after your own honor and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty." Hamlet, when he talks like that, is not held up to scorn as a ranting moralist. Surely the greatest tragic element in the play is that, from first to last, there is not a person who understands him. He cannot bring himself to tell even his friends what the ghost has been saying. He cannot tell Ophelia, whom he had loved till this passion consumed him, what it was that ailed him—for she wanted to hear about love, not about revenge. Mr. Trench quite truly says it was his mother he was thinking about all the time. From the first he was disturbed by her second marriage; he was passionately wrought up when he heard of her adultery; in his passion he could not think of love without thinking of that betrayal of love; and in his bitterness at a destroyed ideal he turns, like Lear, to the abuse of its opposite. Nor is his "antic disposition" a sign, as Mr. Trench supposes, of madness. Only a Polonius stupidly, and a Claudius craftily, could call it madness. It was, as Gaunt said, explaining the irony that occurs in every tragedy of Shakespeare, because—

"Misery makes sport to mock itself."

The tragedy lies surely in the twofold fact that all the average persons in Shakespeare's play were unable to understand the solitary temperament of the idealist, and, on the other hand, that the idealist had not the will to action to impress on them his ideals.

There is much in Mr. Trench's book with which most careful readers must disagree. But his method, which is subtle, and his interest, which is essentially human, turn one to fresh thought. The book is suggestive, and at moments illuminating; and it illustrates the most fruitful way of studying Shakespeare.

THE MONK OF THE MIDDLE AGE.

"The Evolution of the Monastic Ideal." By H. B. WORKMAN, Principal of Westminster Training College. (Kelly. 5s. net.)

DR. WORKMAN deserves the thanks of all students of ecclesiastical history for undertaking this task and performing it so well. He has read all the best English and foreign books on his subject, and he uses them with real independence of judgment. Without formally professing to do so, he supplies a really trustworthy history of early monasticism; and his own reflections are full of spiritual insight. As his theme unfolds itself, as we pass on from early monasticism in Egypt, Gaul, and Italy, Dr. Workman treads upon more uncertain ground, and is more at the mercy of his secondary authorities; indeed, this seems to be so even in the Franciscan period, with which he ends. He is, therefore, quite unaware how much of the original Benedictine ascetic ideal had been even formally abandoned long before the Dissolution; and, in many other ways, his conclusions are scarcely more than echoes from the writings of Continental scholars, whom he must needs follow, since there are at present no other guides. But many of these authors are Roman Catholics; and these, without conscious unfairness, have a constant and natural habit of arguing from the exceptional to the normal. We hear much about the saints, but seldom is there any serious attempt to portray the rank and file of monasticism from actual documents. Therefore, though we must heartily commend Dr. Workman for erring (if error there must be) on the generous side, yet the plain truth is that, in a field so neglected as this, there is abundant room to go astray, even in a period so rich in illustrative documents as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Apart from the earliest period, in which it must be acknowledged that Roman Catholics have shown both learning and impartiality, the scientific study of monasticism is only reviving after a sleep of nearly two centuries; for Montalembert's brilliant book is mainly an uncritical compendium of the great Benedictine histories of the seventeenth century. We do not mean that Dr. Workman has not read widely also in original authorities; a careful perusal of his book has enabled us to verify the claim made in his preface. But no scholar, amid such necessary distractions as his, and besides the other self-imposed literary tasks to which his title-page bears testimony, could possibly find time to study even any considerable fraction of the monastic literature which has come down from the last three centuries of his chosen period, setting all the rest aside. And, having begun by bearing emphatic testimony to the value of this book and to a diligence which will be most appreciated by those who have worked longest in the same field, we shall perhaps serve our readers best by pointing out how far even Dr. Workman still leaves us from a real synthesis of that monastic life which is so important and so inseparable a factor of medieval civilisation; and which, indeed, more almost than anything else, cuts off that period from antiquity, on the one hand, and modern civilisation on the other.

After the first six centuries, Dr. Workman's reading seems to touch the original documents most closely when he comes to the Franciscan and Dominican revival. Yet here he imagines St. Clare to have been St. Francis's sister (p. 285, mislaid, probably, by an amazing statement to that effect in Abbot Gasquet's "English Monastic Life"). His references to two well-known Dominican writers as "Gerardi di Fracheto" and "Bernard Guido" show an inaccuracy which does not suggest much direct knowledge of their writings (274); Dr. Brewer, again, did not edit the second volume of

"Monumenta Franciscana" (as Dr. Workman implies), nor can his introduction be praised without very serious reservations (279). The "langue d'oïl" was not spoken in Provence (281). Nor is it true that "the coming of the Friars, under the inspiration of St. Dominic and St. Francis, was the rise, in fact, of a new conception of Monasticism so completely different that friars were forbidden to enter within the walls of any monastery" (271). The paragraph of the "Regula Bullata" to which Dr. Workman refers for this startling assertion contains simply a provision that no friar should enter any convent of nuns (*monasteria monacharum*); the whole context deals almost exclusively with the danger of conversation with women; and the corresponding paragraph in the earlier Rule gives even less excuse for misunderstanding the saint's plain words. This mistake is all the stranger, since Dr. Workman (on p. 45) claims to have made a special study of these two Rules side by side. Lastly, he appeals to Dr. Savine for confirmation of his statement that, until the Friars, "only for the aristocrat was there open the refuge of the cloister." This, however, is not only far beyond anything that Savine says, but probably still further removed from the actual facts; and the exaggeration is typical of many others which vitiate the account of the friars in this book.

We have insisted upon these errors, not in a carping spirit, but in order to show how necessarily Dr. Workman, in spite of his independence of judgment, is at the mercy of secondary authorities for the last, and perhaps the most historically important, half of his book. This comes out very clearly in his treatment of the work done by monks for agriculture, learning, and art. Almost all the writers on these subjects have been monks chanting the praises of their forefathers, or polemicists who have a quarrel with certain tendencies of modern civilisation, and who find convenient weapons in the unverified statements of their predecessors. Dr. Workman enormously exaggerates the actual amount of field-labor performed by the monks. He does not notice that even St. Benedict's Rule speaks of it as an unwonted hardship that the brethren should be driven to do their own harvest-work, or even, apparently, to help in it (c. 48). It is a mere travesty of the facts to write that the monks' "axes and spades cleared the densest jungles, drained pestilent swamps, and, by the alchemy of industry, turned the sands into waving gold, and planted centres of culture in the hearts of forests" (219-220). This would be too strong even of the Cistercian Order in its enthusiasm of the first two or three generations, reckoning the labors of the lay brethren as well as those of the monks proper. Even at such exceptionally favorable times such hired labor was employed, and the monks "did" the work only in the sense of directing and paying for it; while, if we strike an average over the last five centuries of English monasticism, we may safely say that not one-fiftieth—probably not one-hundredth—of the field labor on a conventual estate was done by the hands of either monk or lay-brother. If, as our author points out, the monks rapidly became owners of great and valuable estates, this was far more through the benefactions of outsiders than through their own labors for the improvement of virgin soil. The abbey of Chaise-Dieu and Bec, which he quotes in support of his contention, did in fact receive very considerable gifts at a very early period; and we doubt whether Dr. Workman could bring documentary evidence to prove that the monks' own improvements in agriculture on these two estates (even if we put to their credit not only work done but also work superintended) were answerable for more than a fraction of their wealth. Dr. Workman has been misled into an equally exaggerated notion of the work done by the monks for education, learning, and art. The Benedictine monk who wrote of the "white robe of churches" came, in fact, more than two centuries earlier than our author puts him (p. 308); and the spirit of the great thirteenth-century cathedrals is not monastic. To say that monasticism "exalted learning as it had never been exalted before" (343) is as uncritical as anything that Montalembert ever wrote; and the page about education (247) implies an estimate almost equally old-fashioned and exaggerated. The results of modern research were put into a nutshell by Père Mandonnet at the recent International Historical Congress:—"Les écoles dites *externes* [dans les monastères], à l'usage des clercs séculiers ou des jeunes nobles, n'ont existé que très rarement et transi-

toirement." We may note incidentally here, as opening a whole field of research which Dr. Workman ignores, that it was not Benedict XII., in 1339, but Innocent III., in 1215, who instituted the connection system for the Austin Canons, and that two important series of their thirteenth-century chapter-acts survive in manuscript. It is from chapter-acts and visitatorial reports, in conjunction with many chronicles at present scarcely half-exploited, that the real history of monasticism will some day be written; but the work (as a Belgian Benedictine, Dom Berlière, has recently pointed out) is scarcely yet begun.

These, then, are the limitations—very serious in some directions—within which Dr. Workman's generalisations can be followed with confidence. In one sense, we cannot help looking upon the latter part of his work (except the chapter about the mendicants) as premature; but this is not mainly his fault. With the tools that he found he has done hard and honest work, and has tried sincerely to hold an even balance between vain praise and hasty blame. Even where we differ from him we feel his stimulus; and we must end, as we began, with a hearty welcome to his book.

HAUPTMANN'S DRAMATIC CAREER.

"Gesammelte Werke." Von GERHART HAUPTMANN.
Popular Edition in 6 Vols. (Berlin: S. Fischer. M. 20.)

THE English public has been ready enough to accept the fact that Hauptmann is Germany's most eminent living playwright; but it has never taken very kindly to him. Our ideas of the scope and province of the theatre are still influenced by those in vogue in the palmy days of the French stage, and we are consequently inclined to regard him—or any other modern writer whose work breaks with the Scribe-Dumas-Sardou tradition—as an uncomfortable intruder. At the same time, it must frankly be admitted that Hauptmann has not yet succeeded in winning for himself—as Ibsen did long before he had as much work behind him as Hauptmann now has—a wide circle of admirers outside his own land. Last year, however, the literary committee of the Nobel funds relaxed, in the German dramatist's favor, the conditions of the literary prize—designed by its founder, if we remember rightly, to keep out uncomfortably "modern" writers who do not choose to swim with the current of an optimistic idealism; and Hauptmann's publishers honored his fiftieth birthday by issuing an exceedingly attractive popular edition of his works. Thus he is once more brought prominently before the attention of the general reading public.

We say "once more," for, if the truth must be told, Hauptmann has, in recent years, tried his little band of ardent admirers, even in Germany, somewhat sorely. He has not dominated the German theatre, as it was hoped he would; and the Hauptmann of the last twenty years has been a less significant force in German literature than the Hauptmann who wrote "Die Weber." No doubt his first play, "Vor Sonnenaufgang," was something of an event; it marked the "breaking through" of naturalism in Germany in its most consequent and ruthless form. Then with "Einsame Menschen" Hauptmann passed under the allegiance of Ibsen, while "Die Weber" could hardly have been written had it not been preceded by Björnson's "A Bankruptcy." Hauptmann struck a more original note in "Hanneles Himmelfahrt," which, in Mr. Archer's translation, had considerable vogue with us. The delicate poetic mysticism of this play, against a background of sordid realism, has always seemed to us the most original and characteristic feature of Hauptmann's work; it returns again in "Die versunkene Glocke," and other plays, although each time with less and less of the purely realistic element.

In these later years Hauptmann has gone his own way, in spite of the liberally proffered advice of his critics and friends; he has insisted that the theatre shall adapt itself to his demands, not he to the theatre's. But, unfortunately, this laudable independence has not had behind it the strength necessary to justify it; and it is doubtful if his failures are of the kind of which it can be said that they mean more for the theatre than successes would have meant. Every year has brought with it a further refinement of Hauptmann's art; but in so far as that art has sedulously

avoided all that savors of the theatre, it has lost the proper touch with the theatre. The finer literary qualities of "Der rote Hahn," that continuation of "Der Biberpelz," for instance, have not counterbalanced the stronger theatrical effectiveness of the earlier work. And the play which, to our thinking, is the most subtle he has ever written, "Michael Kramer," is one of those amorphous productions which are all but impossible on the stage.

The extraordinary variety of Hauptmann's work is, after all, to be marvelled at; we can think of no dramatist who has tried his hand at such extremely different forms of his art. The future must be left to discriminate between these later plays; they are still at the stage where we have each our favorites and our dislikes; but one is inclined to think that, as time goes on, critical judgment will regard less kindly such obvious and heavily underlined allegories as "Die versunkene Glocke," and have more understanding for the subtle psychological studies of "Der arme Heinrich" and "Kaiser Karl's Geisel." If a reason is to be sought for Hauptmann's inability to put his stamp on his age, as many lesser men have succeeded in doing, it is, we think, to be sought, as Dr. Brandes suggested years ago, in a lack of world-compelling ideas. He is essentially what Schiller would have called a "naïve" genius; he surrenders himself to impressions, and reproduces these impressions; but he is not always able to dominate them. A few of the sweeping ideas—even if they are a little commonplace—with which Hauptmann's fellow-dramatist, Sudermann, is so liberal, would have converted "Florian Geyer" into the first historical tragedy of its time, and "Fuhrmann Henschel," "Rose Bernd," and "Der rote Hahn" into masterpieces *sans reproche* of realistic drama. There is, too, a certain unwillingness on Hauptmann's part to indulge in broad effects, which has militated against his success. He dramatises, for instance, the delightful medieval story of "Der arme Heinrich," of the child who will give her life for the leper, without reproducing the most telling scene of all in the medieval poem, where the physician of Salerno prepares his sacrifice, and the leper, incapable of purchasing health at the cost of the little girl's life, stays, at the last moment, the physician's knife. Hauptmann prefers subdued tones in situations and emotions; dim half-lights are always more to his taste than the glare of the electric light. This appeals to the sensitive nerves of the moderns of the *décadence*; but it does not make for success in the theatre.

In the last year or two Hauptmann has appeared in a new rôle: as a novelist. His collected writings contain two long novels, "Der Narr in Christo, Emanuel Quint," and "Atlantis." The former of these has attracted much attention, and has recently been translated into English; it is a picture of Defregger's in prose; a reproduction of the Gospel story amidst modern Silesian surroundings. This strange, mystical book has a peculiar fascination—although here, again, one is tempted to say, it is deficient in ideas; but it is a book that stands quite by itself in the novel-writing of our time. On the other hand, "Atlantis," which introduces an incident similar to the "Titanic" disaster—it was published in serial form before that disaster—is a very ordinary novel of a type common in Germany. Its autobiographical side-lights cannot make up for the fact that its characters are mere shadowy spouters of words, of a kind that makes a great deal of modern German writing unpalatable and distasteful to the outside world; and the America it describes is an America seen through very German spectacles. One wonders, regretfully, how the creator of such living figures as Frau Wolff or Professor Crampton could ever have fallen on such flat, insipid days. If this is what the writing of novels is to mean to Hauptmann, we hope that he will be well advised and return to his old love, unkind as she has been to him, the theatre.

MR. WELLS, THE WANDERER.

"The Passionate Friends." By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan. 6s.)

MR. WELLS's novel is, in point of type, what the "Conversation Play" is to the drama; that is to say, it is something loosely connected with the art from which it springs, but departing willfully from the accustomed form. The conversation play is to contain no "accidents," i.e., happenings, such as catastrophes and tragedies or comic surprises; its characters

are simply to talk things out among each other. Mr. Wells talks things out himself. He turns the light on and off his personages, giving them a rest while he prologises on life, and then restoring them to stage-land. This is the plan of "The Passionate Friends." Stephen Stratton and Lady Mary Christian meet and part, and make love. But neither seems to influence the other, save in the sense that Lady Mary creates certain spaces in her lover's existence, which enable him to see life and think about it. In one of these intervals Stratton-Wells goes through the South African War; in another visits India and the Far East; and if her capricious passion for him can be said to have any purpose, it is to provide him with the outer experience that, in turn, gives him a rational outlook on the world. But of the woman herself we have no very definite conception. One part of her appears to be a voluptuous and timid selfishness; the other a limitless devotion. She will not drop a millionaire husband for Stephen, and she drifts into a secret and perilous attachment to him; she will neither give him up nor let him alone, only, in the end, to fling her life away so that his career may be assured and his marriage undisturbed. She is flighty and ungoverned, but not quite vital. Stephen's wife is equally featureless; so that this restless and much-disturbed nature drifts in turn into a conventional love-affair and a conventional *ménage*. If these emotions and upheavals do really make of Stephen what we are asked to see in him—a thinker and a worker—we cannot discern the process or the results of the chemical combination.

But, indeed, Mr. Wells seems most at his ease when he strips off the apparel of his artistry, and becomes the diarist of his own visions and discontents. His style then loses the staccato movement into which it falls in narrative or dialogue, and becomes at once dignified and impassioned. What he aims at he accomplishes—namely, the portrayal of an active modern mind, distracted between admiration of, and interest in, the growth of mechanical powers, and his fear that man will never be able to make a fair, righteous, and rational use of them. He grows rapidly out of dogmatic solutions (e.g., Socialism) and not into any sufficing generalisation. Rejecting nationalism, he seems to aim at a world-State, bound together by a code of social justice and peaceful legalism. But he can express with great power the sense of human striving, the loneliness and weakness of man's soul, and also the immensities of the future which science tenders to him. He hears the mountains of the Savoy saying to the wanderer: "Whatever you have done or suffered is nothing to the inexhaustible offer life makes you. We are you, just as the past is you." He sees what he finely calls a "wide estate of life" opening out to a doubtful, only half-worthy, heir. And he has a special, not an entirely refined, belief and pleasure in the newer, vaster human experiments, such as North and South America:—

"Compared with our older continents America is mankind stripped for achievement. So many things are not there at all, need not be considered; no institutional aristocracy, no Kaisers, Cæars, nor King-Emperors to maintain a litigious sequel to the Empire of Rome; it has no uneducated immovable peasantry rooted to the soil, indeed it has no rooting to the soil at all; it is, from the Forty-ninth Parallel to the tip of Cape Horn, one triumphant embodiment of freedom and deliberate agreement. For I mean all America, Spanish-speaking as well as English-speaking; they have this detachment from tradition in common. See how the United States, for example, stands flatly on that bare piece of eighteenth-century intellectualism, the Constitution, and is by virtue of that a structure either wilful and intellectual or absurd. That sense of incurable servitude to fate and past traditions, that encumbrance with ruins, pledges, laws, and ancient institutions, that perpetual complication of considerations and those haunting memories of preceding human failures which dwarf the courage of destiny in Europe and Asia, vanish from the mind within a week of one's arrival in the New World."

This is not deeply original thought, but it is freshly put, and so is the idea, which occurs to him at Rome, that our older civilisation is still concerned in the great Roman disintegration, and has not yet taken a definite stride forwards.

"I found myself one day in the Forum, thinking of that imperialism that had built the Basilica of Julius Cæsar, and comparing its cramped vestiges with that vaster second administrative effort which has left the world the monstrous arches of Constantine. I sat down over against these last among the ruins of the Vestals' House, and mused on that later reconstruction when the Empire, with its science aborted

and its literature and philosophy shrivelled to nothing, its social fabric ruined by the extravagances of financial adventure, and its honor and patriotism altogether dead, united itself, in a desperate effort to continue, with all that was most bickeringly intolerant and destructive in Christianity—only to achieve one common vast decay. All Europe to this day is little more than the sequel to that failure. It is the Roman Empire in disintegration. The very churches whose domes rise to the northward of the ancient remains are built of looted stones and look like parasitic and fungoid growths, and the tourists stream through those spaces day by day, stare at the marble fragments, the arches, the fallen carvings and rich capitals, with nothing greater in their minds and nothing clearer. . . ."

Still more fruitful, and more characteristic of Mr. Wells, is the idea that the worst part of the struggle for life is over, and that we have reached a time when the material problem of re-distribution, and the moral problem of an almost indefinite betterment of the human stock, are near their solution.

"There is no longer any need for slavery, open or disguised. We do not need slaves nor toilers nor mere laborers any more; they are no longer essential to a civilisation. Man has ridden on his brother man out of the need of servitude. He struggles through to a new phase, a phase of release, a phase when leisure and an unexampled freedom are possible to every human being. Are possible. And it is there one halts seeing that splendid possibility of aspiration and creation before mankind—and seeing mankind for the most part still downcast, quite unaware or incredulous, following the old rounds, the grooves of ancient and superseded assumptions and subjections. . . ."

And again:—

"Ours are not economic but psychological difficulties. There is enough for everyone, and only a fool can be found to deny it. But our methods of getting and making are still ruled by legal and social traditions from the time before we had tapped these new sources of power, before there was more than enough for everyone, and when a bare supply was only secured by jealous possession and unremitting toil. We have no longer to secure enough by a stern insistence. We have come to a plenty. The problem now is to make that plenty go round, and keep it enough while we do."

This is Mr. Wells at his later best; not quite a seer, but a writer of energetic and concentrated vision, with more feeling and less certainty than of yore, a more childlike, more religious, spirit.

A BUNDLE OF VERSE.

"Chansons." By AVRON STRAWBRIDGE. With a foreword by YVETTE GUILBERT. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Flute of Sardonyx." By EDMUND JOHN. With an Introduction by STEPHEN PHILLIPS. (Jenkins. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Night Ride, and Other Verses." By OSWALD H. DAVIS. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Wheel of Life." By ARTHUR MACQUARIE. (Bickers. 5s. net.)

"The Three Hills, and other Poems." By J. C. SQUIRE. (Latimer. 2s. net.)

AVRON STRAWBRIDGE carefully differentiates her verse into headings—Pompadour, Crinoline, Modernes, and Montmartroises. This is imposing, but meaningless. Her "Chansons" are imitative exercises in the old French devotional and amorous spirit. Bad minor verse, like the little girl in the legend, can be "horrid," but an amalgam of pseudo-picturesqueness on the one hand, and sophisticated simplicity on the other, is an aesthetic crime. The charming thing in this volume is Yvette Guilbert's introduction.

Mr. John's "The Flute of Sardonyx" was condemned on the score of its immorality. What is wrong with "The Flute of Sardonyx" is, not that it is immoral, but old-fashioned, obsolete, the echo of an echo. It is a sere relic of the old Yellow Book and mock-Baudelaire period. When, therefore, he sings to us of his remorse, his asphodel, his roses, his sandalwood, and chrysolite, his sins, his passionals, his wan fantasies, his ennui, and his scented sorrows, we are not scandalised, but bored.

Mr. Oswald Davis's virility is a draught of strong wine after this dull fare. His technique is faulty, and the swiftness of his thoughts is too much for its content. He always has something to say, and he beats his breast to get it out. The following—from "The Night Ride"—is a fair example of his method:—

Tuesday, September 30th, will witness the publication of the October number of the "National Review" (Edited by L. J. Maxse) which no one interested in public affairs can afford to neglect. Everyone who would strike a blow in the Cause of Clean Government should secure a copy, read it, and pass it on.

"NATIONAL REVIEW," 23, Ryder St., St. James's, London, S.W.

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To Mr.

Name

ADDRESS

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"NATIONAL REVIEW," published at
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Enclosed,

"We soar. Like a fortress besieged, the City lies trenched in deep mounds,
Massive, yet graced like a key, with subtle angles and rounds.
Far over hid bays of dim buildings, on gulfs of the featureless night,
Like lamps of a fleet in vigil, league on league beams the City light.

"Untiring as throb of our wheels, beats life in the wide gloom below:

Like Babylonian temples, grey bulks with umber glow
Loom; and the arcs glitter wanly on lorry and horse and man,
Moving slight o'er the littered wharf by a lofty arch's span."

Mr. Macquarie is an instance of those verse-makers who offer so smooth a surface to the critic, that it is impossible to find a foot-hold; his utterance is so correct and tempered that we feel inclined to leave him at that and turn to something less methodical but more vital. Poetry seems to him not inspiration, but an agreeable task-work. He is as scrupulous with it as a valetudinarian with his diet. Consequently, he is often very prosy. Why, for instance, split this into metre?—

"Praised be all the elements!
Immense, powerful, clean,
Teaching us in this short moment
Of our unnecessary existence
To live elementally."

Mr. Squire's "The Three Hills" is undoubtedly the best of the bunch. He knows his business better than any of the others, and sets himself a more exacting standard. The pity of it is that his power is seldom sustained or unerring. It is his master and not his servant. He is, indeed, at times liable to the most headlong bathos, sheer as a precipice. What he perhaps lacks is a self-criticism which would help him to discriminate between vision and facility. But at his best he is a natural and eloquent poet. It is only when he ceases to be a poet and becomes a journalist that his verse suffers. His best work is in his memorial to Francis Thompson:—

"But still as when thy bark did ride
Derelict on the City's tide,
As then for penury, now for pride,
The bodily senses were denied;
Though they cried out and would not sleep,
Asetic thou didst armor them,
Lest acid pleasure should eat thine art's pure gem.
Hourly the tempter's ambuscades,
But thou didst guard the gates and keep
Thy senses' hungry colonnades
Accessible but to Beauty's ministers,
Unlit by any ruby flame but hers.
Immunizing so thy spirit eager
Within a body frail and meagre,
Far from the meads of earthly milk and honey,
Yet franchised of more wondrous territories,
Like those poor Bedawin of Arabia the Stony,
Who roam, spare-fed and hollow-eyed, but free,
By day to wander and by night to camp
In vast serenity."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Road to Freedom." By JOSIAH and ETHEL WEDGWOOD.
(Daniel. 1s. net.)

THERE is so much we like in Mr. and Mrs. Wedgwood's picture of a desirable society that we wish it were possible to adopt their faith in the feasibility of realising it. The first article in that faith is the Single-Tax. This tax, applied so as to take the whole of the economic rent of land, would force all land into its fullest and most socially profitable uses. Taken together with the "restoration" to the public of all other lands which lie at present below the margin of cultivation, this measure would liberate the whole body of workers from their present "slavery" and would make them free to work out as individuals or groups their own economic and social salvation. Life would be simplified by the disappearance of all idle and parasitic classes, and of the noxious industries which are based on their superfluous expenditure. The herd-life and the more degraded forms of factory labor of our industrial cities would also disappear when the new economy of rural life and small industries along the lines of Kropotkin's economics had time to establish itself. Very little government would then be necessary, and so politics could be reduced to its lowest terms, a most desirable reform. Unfortunately, the argu-

ment is vitiated by the usual assertions and assumptions; that all Capitalism rests upon the monopoly of natural resources, and would disappear with the removal of this foundation; that a living could, and would, be got upon large tracts of land at present below the margin; that no pressure of population need be apprehended; and that no elaborate governmental measures would be required to regulate the occupation and the use of a limited land area such as Great Britain. Moreover, even if all these assumptions were granted, no solution could be got upon a merely national basis for a population which, like ours, is inured to standards of consumption requiring access to large quantities of land outside these islands.

* * *

"Industrial Warfare: The Aims and Claims of Capital and Labor." By CHARLES WATNEY and JAMES A. LITTLE.
(Murray. 6s. net.)

THIS is a very serviceable and unpretentious contribution to popular economics. It takes as its central theme the present industrial unrest, and groups round it a large and varied assortment of exact information, chiefly bearing upon the relations of capital and labor. A well-informed, up-to-date account of the chief labor organizations is followed by a chapter on "Syndicalism in this Country," and by a brief discussion of the other "isms" which are factors in unrest. A series of studies of the conditions prevailing in the leading industries give the reader a clear understanding of the special problems which confront the miners, cotton operatives, engineers, metal-workers, builders, and other groups. There is no controversial or merely theoretic discussion, but everywhere relevant facts and figures with accounts or copies of the leading documents, such as the Brooklands Agreement, and thumb-nail portraits of the leaders upon both sides in the recent conflicts. Two chapters discuss the legal and governmental attitude towards Trade Unionism and industrial warfare, and the chief remedies are set forth from the respective standpoints of the three interested parties—employers, workers, and the public. We note what appear to us a few errors of opinion, as, for instance, the declaration (p. 238) that Trade Unionism is now reconciled to co-partnership, and a too sweeping generalisation (p. 103) as to the chances of workers becoming owners and managers in Lancashire. But current topics of controversy are handled with singular fairness and regard for truth. The volume may be safely recommended to intelligent employers, workmen, and students, as containing a larger amount of relevant and interesting matter bearing on the relations of capital and labor in England than can anywhere else be found in so simple and compact a form.

* * *

"The Navy under the Early Stuarts." By C. D. PENN.
(Faith Press. 5s. net.)

MR. PENN appears to have read, or at any rate dipped into, nearly all the literature that exists on the doings of the British Navy under the first two Stuarts. The result is a volume, not indeed distinguished in style, but containing a coherent narrative of British naval events, and packed with bits of curious information. It was during this period that the Service fell into the most lamentable condition it has ever reached. Not only were the equipment and personnel inferior to those of Elizabethan days, but administration was worse than inefficient. With the King and Parliament perpetually at cross purposes, and with the highest naval appointments invariably going to unworthy favorites, this state of things was inevitable; yet that all that was really needed was the strong hand at the helm is demonstrated by the remarkable revival under Cromwell, the effects of which survived even the corrupting influences of the Restoration. Mr. Penn tells the story of the ill-fated expeditions to Cadiz and Ré and La Rochelle in considerable detail; and perhaps no greater proof of the blindness of our country's rulers could be given than the fact that these costly and ambitious foreign expeditions were undertaken at a time when British sea-ports were in daily and nightly dread of visits from pirates. A running account of the diplomatic relations with Spain, France, and Holland is woven deftly into the narrative. France's naval policy, especially, under the far-sighted Richelieu, is very clearly described.

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* * Macmillan's Autumn Announcement List post free on application.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

"The British School." By E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)

HERE we have an anecdotal guide to the National Gallery which all of Mr. Lucas's admirers, and many outside that considerable circle, will greatly prefer to the official catalogue—an excellently useful compilation nowadays, but with all its excellence a thing of bald biographies and soulless descriptions. We doubt whether the average visitor to the National Gallery is interested more in the British School than in the foreign, as the publisher's notice states, for that is not the British way in art matters; but this little volume should certainly heighten his interest in the work of his own countrymen, and perhaps suggest his going oftener to Trafalgar Square, Millbank, and even the almost neglected Diploma Gallery than he does at present. Mr. Lucas begins with a brief account of the source and growth of the National Gallery, and of those picture-lovers of the past, who have, by bequests, done so much to build it up. He then takes the British painters in alphabetical order, tells us of their lives, and in the case of the portrait painters, of the lives of their more famous subjects. As some of the least considered painters had quite interesting careers, a deal of entertaining and almost forgotten matter has been available for Mr. Lucas's selection, judgment, and artistic treatment; and if the book has less of himself than his essays in other fields, it has still many a touch of the literary charm to which we are accustomed in his work.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, September 19.	Price Friday morning, September 26.
Consols	74	73½
Midland Deferred	71½	72½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	52	52½
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THERE has been quite a flurry in the Money Market owing to pressure at the end of the month, and it has resulted in a good deal of borrowing at the Bank. Discount rates have risen in sympathy, and are not expected to fall back again; for the Bank has lost money, and the reserve (which had been immensely strong) is lower than at the corresponding week of last year. The Stock Markets have oscillated uneasily, and the Continental Bourses have been depressed by the reports of renewed fighting in the Balkans, which may be especially embarrassing to French and German bankers. The successful passage of the American tariff is now regarded as a cause for rejoicing in the American Market, but monetary conditions and doubts about the Mexican situation are restraining factors. Moreover, the serious damage done to the maize crop by drought will have an adverse effect on some of the railroads which traverse Missouri and other States of the Middle West. The Canadian crops are turning out well, according to all reports—a fortunate circumstance, considering the financial troubles which are besetting the country. It will evidently take London all its time to supply the loans which Canadian public authorities of all kinds are now demanding. It is certainly remarkable that the capital of the Dominion should have to borrow at 4½ per cent. Trade here is still prosperous, and it is possible that the depression in Germany—especially marked in the textile trades—will be partially relieved by the improvement in Russia (an important customer), where the harvest is proving an exceptionally good one. Speculation and overtrading in India have caused the failure of some small native banks; but the monsoon has been generally satisfactory, and another year of prosperous expansion seems to be assured.

ASSOCIATED CEMENT.

A part at least of the big improvement in the price of Cement Ordinary Shares during the past two years has been justified by the recent announcement of a 5 per cent. dividend, and by the issue of the best report in the Company's history. This is the outcome of the expansion policy adopted

since Lord St. Davids became Chairman of the Company. Instead of quietly enduring the competition of independent manufacturers, the Company seized a favorable opportunity to buy them out, and control them through a subsidiary known as the British Portland Cement Company. An important Mexican concern was also acquired, and a large plant is being erected in Canada. The charges for the capital which had to be raised for the prosecution of this policy naturally fell upon the Company before the capital itself had begun to bring in a proportionate amount of revenue, and last year's figures were adversely affected by this consideration and by the labor troubles at home. The benefit, however, is now beginning to be felt, as may be seen from the following summary of the results of the past three years:—

	1910-11. £	1911-12. £	1912-13. £
Total profit	508,271	468,337	752,048
Repairs and renewals	120,027	106,380	124,789
Directors' fees	4,167	6,450	6,500
Deb. and other interest	139,236	186,974	235,116
Sinking funds	84,707	26,751	51,292
Expenditure in suspense	8,577	—	—
Loss on sale of securities	—	—	35,314
2nd Deb. Stock issue expenses	5,641	—	—
Reserve	25,000	25,000	65,000
Preference div. (5½ per cent.)	118,884	122,323	124,220
Balance	+2,032	—5,542	+109,817

It appears to have been the Directors' policy since the start to pay the Preference dividend, and return all surplus profits to the Company. This policy has proved to be sound, for the Company could not have held its business together otherwise. Still, progress towards payment of a dividend would have been very slow indeed, and the new capital has allowed the step to be made at once. If trade remains good, it is quite probable that the capital expenditure will return a larger income next year, in which case Cements, at their present price, would be a good purchase. They are certainly not an overvalued speculation, though the great increase in debenture charges in the past two years must not be overlooked.

AN UNATTRACTIVE PROSPECTUS.

There has been advertised this week the prospectus of The International Aviation & Motor Company Limited, which is headed by a rather significant variation of the usual legend. The list of subscriptions is to close "on or after Thursday" instead of "on or before," which is the usual formula. The company's objects are rather wide, but when one comes to examine the nucleus upon which its business is to be built up, one is not very sanguine as to the prospects. One of the directors, Mr. A. E. White, designated a technical director, and not entitled to any fees as a director, is to be General Manager at a salary of £750 per annum. The company is to acquire a motor engineering and body works at Hythe, an agency for a German motor-car, an agency for a French aeroplane and hydroplane, and a motor-cab business, possessing the extensive fleet of four vehicles, all of different make. With the exception of the aeroplane concession, for which the purchase price is £1,000 in shares, Mr. A. E. White is a vendor in all the transactions. The motor-cab business has an issued capital of £660, its four cars are put at £975, and one to be bought for £800 cash. The engineering works and land are put at £8,171, including £1,400 for book debts and contracts on hand, and are to be bought for £8,000 cash and £4,000 in shares. The agency for the German car, however, which is not stated to be an exclusive concession, is being bought for £4,900 in cash and £2,600 in shares.

It is at present capitalised at £2,600, of which £2,100 are owned by Mr. A. E. White. Land for an aerodrome is to be rented for £100 per annum, but whether it is suitable is left for the future to decide. The capital expenditure is estimated to be £21,500, including the items already enumerated, leaving £38,500 the balance of the capital, which it is now proposed to issue for cash, for the directors to do as they like with—that is, if the whole is subscribed, which I venture to doubt. The estimates of £16,550 for gross profits and expenditure of £4,435 are too fanciful to need detailed criticism.

LUCILLE

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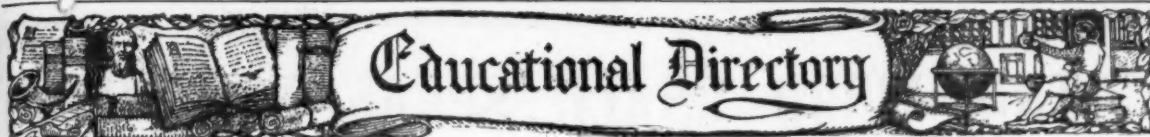
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